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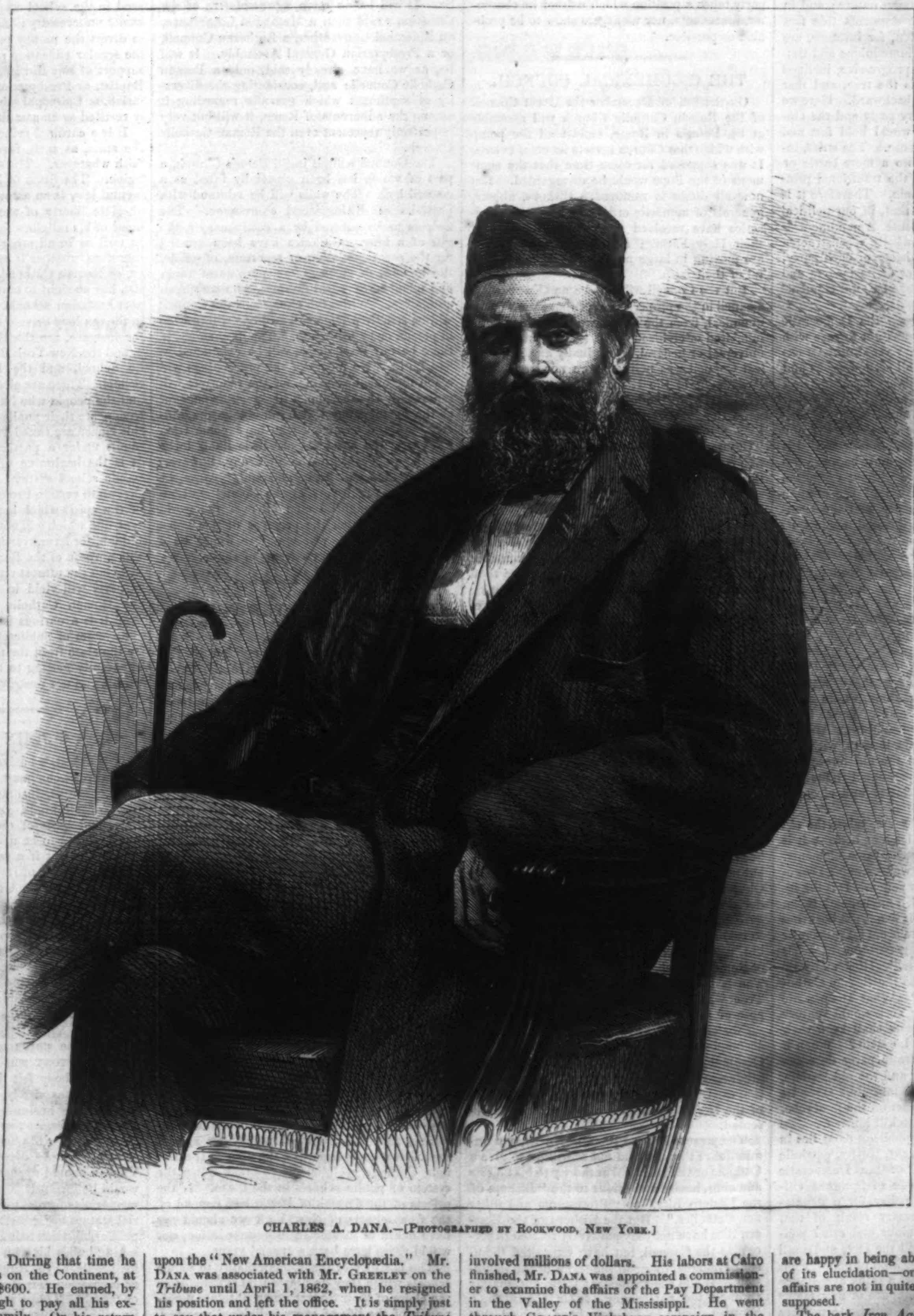
CHARLES A. DANA.

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA was born in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, August 8, 1819. He is one of the old New England stock of DANAS. His father failed in business. The son attended the district school two winters, when, at the age of eleven, he went to Buffalo, and entered his uncle's dry-goods store. Here all his leisure moments were given to study. An inveterate reader, he stored his mind with knowledge of every kind. In 1837 the failure of his uncle threw him upon his oars. For two years young DANA was engaged in settling up the business of the establishment. Within that time he prepared himself for college, and finally entered Harvard University at the age of twenty. He had a great predilection for the classics, and became unusually proficient in the Greek, Latin, and German languages. Close application to his studies seriously affected his eyesight, and on this account he left the college, in 1841, without regular graduation. Harvard subsequently gave him his degree, and his name appears upon the catalogue among the list of graduates.

On leaving college Mr. DANA joined the Brook Farm community. This was one of the first socialist experiments in this country. While there Mr. DANA became acquainted with MARGARET FULLER, GEORGE RIPLEY, A. BRONSON ALCOTT, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, ORESTES A. BRONSON, THOREAU, THEODORE PARKER, and others. The farm was situated near West Roxbury, Massachusetts. Mr. DANA had charge of its fruit department several years. During this time he partly edited a small newspaper called the *Harbinger*. In 1846 the community was dissolved. Mr. DANA, then twenty-seven years of age, sought employment in Boston. He accepted an offer from ELIZUR WRIGHT, then proprietor and editor of the *Chronotype*. Mr. DANA wrote editorial articles for that journal, and made himself generally useful, for a salary of five dollars per week. He came to New York in February, 1847, and succeeded GEORGE G. FOSTER as city editor of the *Tribune*. He was at first paid $10 per week; in the fall this amount was increased to $14. At once he took an advanced position as a journalist.

On the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1848 Mr. DANA went to Europe. He was absent nine months. During that time he visited the principal cities on the Continent, at an expense of less than $600. He earned, by his correspondence, enough to pay all his expenses and support his family. On his return he was made Mr. GREELEY's principal assistant, at a salary of $20 per week. In two years this stipend was increased to $35, and in 1856 he was paid $2500 per year. This was equal to Mr. GREELEY's salary, and was the largest received by Mr. DANA while employed on the *Tribune*. In 1856 Mr. DANA compiled his "Household Book of English Poetry," and in 1858 he and GEORGE RIPLEY began their labors upon the "New American Encyclopædia." Mr. DANA was associated with Mr. GREELEY on the *Tribune* until April 1, 1862, when he resigned his position and left the office. It is simply just to say that under his management the *Tribune* became a recognized political power, and acquired an influence until then unknown among American newspapers. Soon after leaving the *Tribune*, Mr. DANA was appointed by EDWIN M. STANTON, then Secretary of War, one of the committee to settle the accounts of the Quartermaster's Department at Cairo. His associates were GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, of Massachusetts, and Judge LOGAN, of Illinois. The investigation involved millions of dollars. His labors at Cairo finished, Mr. DANA was appointed a commissioner to examine the affairs of the Pay Department in the Valley of the Mississippi. He went through GRANT's Vicksburg campaign in the winter and spring of 1863. His reports to the War Department after the first failure to capture the Southern strong-hold silenced the enemies of General GRANT, and prevented the General's removal from his command. On Mr. DANA's return to Washington he was appointed Assistant Secretary of War, with a salary of $3000 a year. He held this office until the close of the Rebellion. In 1865 he went to Chicago, and became editor of the *Republican*. After a year's service he sold out his interest at a profit of $10,000, and returned to New York. It was mainly through his personal instrumentality and influence that the Sun Association was formed. Mr. DANA took sole charge of the *Sun* on January 1, 1868. Since that time the *Sun* has taken a leading position among the journals of the country. Its daily circulation exceeds 75,000 copies. In April, 1869, Mr. DANA was offered the Appraisership of the port of New York. He declined it. Two weeks afterward he was arrested, at the suit of JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, of the *Tribune*, for libel, damages being laid at $100,000. The suit has never been brought to trial.

In 1846 Mr. DANA married Miss EUNICE MACDANIEL, who then resided in Walker Street. Four children, one boy and three girls, are the fruit of this union. Mr. DANA is now forty-nine years of age. He is five feet ten inches high, is well built, has a broad forehead, whiskers, mustache, and hair tinged with gray, small, keen eyes, and wears glasses. He dresses carelessly, and is one of the most courteous of men. He is true to his friends and unrelenting in his enmities. His editorial associates are treated as friends. He is never overbearing in his conduct toward them. Mr. DANA is one of the best linguists of the age, speaking nearly all the living languages of Europe.



CHARLES A. DANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROOKWOOD, NEW YORK.]

THE "IRON AGE."

A **CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE** has recently been consulting with our ship-builders in relation to the decay of a trade once extended and profitable, and always honorable. The facts, as reported, seem as bad as had been expected, and it is even hinted that, unless some decided change is made in our policy, not only may American ship-building be considered a thing of the past, but the time is not far away when it may be impossible to find an American ship in which to cross the seas.

This question will soon call for earnest consideration. Meanwhile we are happy in being able to give one item in aid of its elucidation—one, too, which shows that affairs are not in quite so bad a way as has been supposed.

The bark *Iron Age*, of which we present a representation on page 756, has attracted the attention of a large number of our merchants during the past two or three weeks, while she lay at Coenties Slip, loading for Galveston. She was built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Delaware, for Messrs. Tupper & Beattie, of this city. She is the first large iron sailing vessel constructed in this country; and, as the owners state, cost about as little as the average of their Clyde estimates for a similar vessel. Experience has shown that iron vessels far exceed wooden ones in buoyancy, in strength, in carrying capacity, and in durability, and therefore in cheapness; and the materials at our disposal for their construction are so good that builders estimate American plate for the purpose equal to English plate of an eighth of an inch greater thickness

The *Iron Age* is handsomely modeled, 155 feet in length, 31 feet 9 inches beam, 7 feet between decks, 18 feet 6 inches in depth of hold, and her register is 680 tons. She is provided with Reed's patent screw steering apparatus, Ritchie's spirit compass, Adair's Liverpool double-acting pump, Trottman anchors, and wire standing-rigging; and she is rated first-class by the American and French Lloyds.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, November 27, 1869.

PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH political parties nominally grow out of particular issues, they also represent tendencies of human nature; and in the history of all free governments this fact is constantly evident. Men, for instance, are naturally conservative, or incredulous and timid; or they are naturally progressive, inclined to believe that the new is the true, and that not to go forward is to go backward. Here we have the germs of the Tory party and the Opposition: the party that would hold fast and the party that would cut loose. The strife, indeed, often degenerates into a mere battle of the ins and the outs, but the traditional principles and tendencies remain. Therefore it is a great error to suppose that, in our political situation, when the Fifteenth Amendment is adopted, parties will be wholly reconstructed upon new issues. The history of each party, its traditions, the character of its leaders and of its supporters, will always be vital elements in any augury of its prospects.

There is a loud cry upon the Democratic party from some of its organs not to race with dead horses, and even Mr. Vallandigham exhorts it to cut loose from all settled issues and obsolete questions. But this cry has been heard ever since the war ended, and where has that party dismounted from a dead horse or confessed any question to be obsolete? If any question might be considered finally settled it was that the colored citizens must be made politically equal. But almost without exception every Democratic convention of the autumn declared against that equality, and the Democratic party of New York voted against it. While this was the action of the party, its leaders were unchanged. It nominated General Rosecrans in Ohio, but his letter declining the summons showed that he was not in accord with the party because he was not politically hide-bound, and it took its natural candidate, Mr. Pendleton. In Pennsylvania the hope of sloughing off dead issues and leaders by nominating General Hancock was baffled, and Mr. Packer, an original Copperhead, was selected. In Massachusetts alone, where there was no hope of success, a man of newer ideas was put forward in Mr. John Quincy Adams. In New York the same old leaders, with the same old cries, marshaled the old forces and directed the old assault upon equal rights and the defenses against legislative and electoral corruption.

The party remains the same, raises the old cries and follows the old leaders, because it is composed of substantially the same elements. It is not the intelligent and well-meaning Democrats who control the party policy. It is the ignorance and prejudice which are beneath them. The waves toss the boat—it is not the boat that governs the waves. There is not a Democratic leader in America for a generation who has dared to say "equal rights." How many of them who do not pander to the Roman Catholic element of the party? What Democratic chief in the State of New York would venture to insist that Roman priests shall keep their hands off the public school system? When it is asked why the Democratic party does not throw over the old issues and the old leaders, the answer is that the one task that Hercules could not perform was to cast off the fatal robe. To strip off the robe was to kill himself.

The strength of the Republican party lies in the great mass of intelligent, thrifty, patriotic citizens. The strength of the Democratic party lies in the multitude of ignorant citizens. The Democratic policy for a generation has been the necessary result of that fact. It was an ignominious and cruel policy. But while this is still the fact, and until the party demands another kind of policy, what greater folly than to expect a frank acceptance of new issues and a preference of new men? Suppose the Legislature in this State restores the city of New York to its own control, as the phrase is, what then? The work will begin with the abolition of the Police Commission and the Registry law. Will that course diminish fraud and force at the polls? Will it incite good citizens to vote? Is it conceivable that any of the great objects of government will be more certainly secured? Is it not evident that an election in the city will then be a mere fraud without even the pretense of a check? And is that the celebrated "self-government" of the city?

And why should a party composed of such elements as we have described renounce old issues and old leaders when it has just succeeded by clinging to them? They are agreeable to the party. When the Fifteenth Amendment is adopted, therefore, there will remain two political organizations, and they will be judged according to their career and tendency. The Democratic party has not now, and will not have then, any great financial policy, nor any record of more capable and honest administration of affairs upon which to appeal to the country. The Republicans will have the satisfactory administration of General Grant, the steady reduction of the debt, the popular confidence always inspired by a chief and Cabinet who are not technically politicians, and the consciousness of the support of the better sentiment of the country. These are positive, not negative, advantages. Democratic declamation does not affect them. There is no Republican disaffection, nor will there be any until the Democratic party takes a position which neither its character, precedents, nor managers show to be probable or possible.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

On the 8th of December the Great Council of the Roman Catholic Church will assemble at St. Peter's in Rome, amidst all the pomp with which that Church invests its chief events. It was supposed for some time that the summons of the Pope would be disregarded. But now all doubt is removed. Bishops, abbots, generals of monastic orders, and other ecclesiastics have received and obeyed the call of their Holy Father; and from all lands they are moving in large numbers toward the capital of their faith.

But the Council will not be an Œcumenical Council in the proper sense of that term. Œcumenical, from the Greek word signifying the inhabited or civilized world, is synonymous with universal or general. Originally an Œcumenical Council was neither more nor less than a Parliament of the Roman Empire, which was identical with the civilized world. In this sense the word is still used as applied to the Bishop of Constantinople, who is styled the "Œcumenical Patriarch." In the early Christian centuries the whole ecclesiastical organization of the Church was based on the secular system of the Empire. Each of the first seven General Councils was called by the Roman Emperor, and at each of them he was present personally or by deputy; nor at any one of them did he fail, directly or indirectly, to influence the discussions. Constantine was more than President at the first General Council—that of Nice; and Irene and her son Constantine presided at the seventh. This was the last Council regarded as Œcumenical by the Greek Church; for by this time the Empire had begun to crumble to pieces, and an Œcumenical or General Council of the Church was found to be impossible. The Pope, however, did his best to occupy the seat left vacant by the Emperor; but from this date (787) the Greek Church stood aloof. The establishment of the Second Roman Empire under Charlemagne completed and made permanent the religious and secular separation of the East from the West.

According to the Roman Catholic Church twelve Councils, all of them General, have been held since the Second Council of Nice; but at none of these was the Greek or Eastern Church represented, and by that Church the decisions of those Councils have been disregarded. Attempts have frequently been made to reunite the Churches of the East and West; but, mainly in consequence of the pretensions of Rome, all such attempts have signally failed. The last Council called General was that of Trent—a Council which was called for the purpose of making an end of Protestantism. It sat for eighteen years, but apparently failed to accomplish its end. Indeed it was even less Œcumenical than any of its eleven immediate predecessors, and for the very obvious reason that the Churches of the East and the Churches of the Reformation were all of them unrepresented.

The present Pope, Pius the Ninth, not unmindful of the past and not unwilling to give a Catholic or Œcumenical authority to his objects and aims, issued invitations to the "Bishops of the Eastern Rite," to "Protestants and other non-Catholics." But the Bishops of the Eastern Rite have not only positively refused to recognize the Council, but have expressed themselves indignantly upon the terms of the invitation. While the Protestant Churches, mainly through the persistency of Dr. Cumming, a Scottish divine in London, have learned that the invitation was not an invitation, but only a permission to return and penitently seek admission within the fold of Mother Church. The forthcoming Council will not, therefore, be Œcumenical in any true sense. It will not represent the Churches of the East, which have many millions of adherents. The Patriarchs of Alexandria, which is a more ancient See than that of Rome—of Constantinople, which for many centuries was a more important See than that of Rome—and of Armenia, with their numerous suffragans, will all be conspicuous by their absence. The Churches of the Reformation—the Protestants of England, Scotland, and Ireland, of France and Switzerland, of the Netherlands, of North Germany, of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, of the United States of America, of Canada, of Australia—will all be unrepresented. Besides these, the Church in Russia will be absent, which, although a branch of the Greek Church, has an organization of its own. This immense empire, with its sixty millions of inhabitants, will not have a single representative in the Council.

Joseph de Maistre pronounced an Œcumenical Council a chimera; and the forthcoming Council, despite its pretension, will be the best proof of De Maistre's foresight. In a word, the Œcumenical Council of 1869 will be a Council only of the Roman Catholic Church, and a purely Ecclesiastical Council. For, unlike all previous Councils of the kind, it will be absolutely unsupported by the civil authorities of any kingdom, empire, or republic. It will be no more representative of the Christian world than a Methodist Conference, an Episcopal Convention, a Lutheran Council, or a Presbyterian General Assembly. It will be, as we have already said, only a Roman Catholic Council; and, considering the diversity of sentiment which prevails regarding it among the adherents of Rome, it will but very imperfectly represent even the Roman Catholic Church.

The Council will sit in St. Peter's Church, a part of which has been especially fitted as a council hall. The walls will be adorned with portraits of distinguished churchmen. The floor is to be covered by a costly carpet, the gift of a king. Galleries have been erected for the accommodation of reporters, of official theologians, of embassadors, persons of rank, and members of royal families, who may seek admission. With such exceptions the Council will be strictly private. The Pope will preside in person or by his legate. The discussions, if there be any discussions, will be conducted in bad Latin. No report of the proceedings will reach the outside world; for the reporters will report only to the Council itself. The pageant of the opening day will no doubt be magnificent, and the strangers who have come from far to see the spectacle are little likely to be disappointed. With the first day, however, the sensation will begin and end. After the first day the real work of the Council will begin; and thoughtful men all over the world will intently watch the progress of this latest Papal experiment, whose failure would be a serious blow to the pretensions of Rome.

PERVERSION OF THE PUBLIC MONEY.

The expression of public opinion in this State upon the proposition to give the public money to sectarian schools was last year so emphatic that the Legislature did not dare to do it directly. But in the City Tax levy there was a clause inserted, directing that a certain sum should be taken from the city revenues and given to such schools. Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis, Jun., was selected by the Board of Education to make the distribution, and after a careful investigation he has made a report to the Comptroller, in accordance with the provisions of the act. Nor is there any complaint that his part of the duty has not been fairly and intelligently done. The result is, that $214,987 have been taken from the city money and given to fifty-three sectarian schools. Of this sum twenty-five Roman Catholic schools receive $153,880, and twenty-eight Protestant schools receive $61,107.

The people of New York are taxed to support public schools in which all the children in the State may be educated. If the school accommodation is insufficient, it is the duty of the Legislature to provide for the difficulty by an increase of the tax. The words of the clause authorizing the sectarian distribution imply that the provision is made for children whom the public schools can not receive. But careful investigation shows that proper care would even now make room for all children, while it is notorious that this grant of money for special sectarian schools is part of the plan of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics to break down the system of public schools in the State. If the priests of the Church of Rome had control of the free schools of New York we should not have heard of insufficient accommodation, nor would there have been a special grant.

The hostility of the Roman clergy to public schools which they do not control is founded in the claim of their Church to an absolute domination of the life of every individual member. They assert that the important education is religious, and that their tenets are Christianity. A school, therefore, which does not teach religion is, in their view, atheistic. There must, then, be religious instruction in the schools; but the only true religion is Romanism. The Roman clergy also object to the Protestant version of the Bible, which is read without comment as an opening exercise in the public schools. They insist, therefore, that the Bible shall be excluded as offensive to their faith; and should they succeed in excluding it, they would strengthen their plea that the education in the public schools is irreligious, because there would be then neither religious form nor religious book used in them.

This is a contest which the people of New York should settle at the beginning. Ample provision should be made for the instruction of all the children in the State in what are understood as the common branches of secular education. Every child should then be required to attend school, under proper penalties either upon his guardians or upon himself. Parents who preferred to educate their children at private schools would, of course, do so. Technical and sectarian religious instruction in the public schools should be forbidden, for there is already abundant provision for such instruction according to religious preferences of every kind. Moreover, in a community which taxes Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants impartially for the support of schools, it is plainly just that the chief religious book of neither should be used in the school exercises, since it can only excite unnecessary ill feeling. But the attempt to divert the money paid by all the people for the secular education of all the children to the support of any Jewish, or Roman Catholic, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Unitarian, or Episcopal school should be strenuously resisted as an assault upon the state itself.

It is a cardinal principle in this country that the state, as such, favors no form of religious faith whatever. The state, as such, has no religion. The State of New York, by its fundamental law, is an association for protecting the absolute liberty of every citizen in the enjoyment of his religious faith, whatever it may be, as well as in all other rights. The majority, therefore, whether it be Presbyterian, or Quaker, or Roman Catholic, or Jewish, or Anabaptist, has no right to compel the minority to support sectarian schools. But under the clause in the tax levy there is such compulsion. Here, for instance, are the Hebrew Free School No. 1, and the New York Protestant Episcopal Public School, and the Immaculate Conception School. These are all strictly sectarian schools, and the people who have already paid one tax to educate their pupils in the public schools, by this clause are taxed again to educate the same pupils under a particular religious influence. It is the beginning of the destruction of the public school system, and, although a sop is thrown to certain Protestant sects, it is the work of the spirit which is most hostile to that system, and which will not relax any effort, open or hidden, for its subversion. Nothing can defeat this purpose of the Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism but the utmost vigilance. The Democratic party will yield in this direction whatever the Roman Catholic influence may require. And it is a curious fact that, while in Austria the system of public education has been taken by the state from the priests, in New York it is apparently getting to be doubtful whether the priests can not destroy the State system.

JOHN JONES.

It is nobody's business that the stockholders of a railroad company pay honors to their president. Banks, insurance companies, associations of all kinds, very properly cause portraits and busts of their distinguished or beloved officers to be made at their expense and pleasure. But if a savings-bank, having ordered a portrait of its president, should invite the President of the United States and all other distinguished persons to attend the ceremony of hanging it upon the wall of the directors' room, and should solicit the interest of the public by profuse advertisements, it would be very churlish in the public not, at least, to ask the question who is this gentleman, and why is there such a tremendous blowing of trumpets because his associates have hung up his portrait?

When the statue of George Peabody by William Story was lately unveiled in London, every body felt that there was great propriety in thus visibly commemorating, in the heart of the business of London, a merchant who had given vast sums of money for the benefit of others. If a bust of Mr. Peter Cooper, or of Mr. Ezra Cornell, or of Mr. Matthew Vassar should appear in the Central Park, it would be instantly perceived that they were the memorials of great public benefactors. Memorial statues are grateful witnesses of a sense of public obligation to individual men, except when a king builds his own statue at the expense of his people, or the directors of a hospital or other institution perpetuate their chief in bronze or marble. That a man has remarkable sagacity, which enables him to amass a huge fortune, and even to become one of the richest men in the world, is of no public importance, nor can the fact be supposed to excite any especial general admiration or gratitude. But a man who devotes his powers and his resources, whether money or time or talents, to the relief and improvement of his fellow-men, takes his place with Howard or Franklin or Jenner.

The youth of a country should stand before the statues of their fathers, not to admire certain qualities which are given by nature, but to contemplate the purposes to which those qualities were directed. A boy, looking at the portrait of John Howard, may feel that he has not the opportunity nor the gifts to do precisely what Howard did, but he will feel that, in his sphere and according to his powers, he also can carry a heart of sympathy and relieve human suffering wherever he goes. But the same boy, looking at a statue of John Jones, for example, and being told that he was the richest man in the world and made all his own money, will probably answer, "What's John Jones to me, or what am I to John Jones?" There are plenty of John Joneses who have made more or less money, and who have not been especially stingy. But certainly John Jones, who is worth a hundred millions of dollars and gives fifty thousand dollars to a charity, does not so well deserve a statue as a sailor who has starvation wages and gives part of them to an orphan asylum. If, indeed, the stockholders of John Jones's factory choose to build a statue to him, it is their privilege. But why should they take a speaking-trumpet upon the occasion, and arrest every body's attention, and talk about "worthy morals and proper lessons?"

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTIES.

In the speech of Mr. Gladstone in London, at the Lord Mayor's inauguration, the significant confession is made that, "Whatever the tendencies of modern civilization—whatever its triumphs," "they have not had, nor are they likely to have in our day or in our children's, the effect of lightening the responsibilities of the Government."

That difficulties thicken about the English is very apparent. They consist of terrorism in Ireland; a supposed dangerous increase of power in the uneducated classes; a growing inferiority in the industries which command universal competition; the inability to produce food within a hundred millions sterling in value of the quantity annually consumed; and the steady growth of pauperism. Political and economical troubles arise together to perplex those who have the largest interest in maintaining order.

Ever since the supply of food in England became critical, contests have existed between capital and labor of an intense character. The pertinacity hitherto evinced by trades unions was due to the number of laborers standing on the verge of pauperism, and who, as more and more food was needed to be imported, were thrust into that hopeless condition. The laborers of the Continent, quieted by cheaper food and happier circumstances, are strangers to the combinations which in England have lowered the skill, impaired the morals, and diminished the effectiveness of their manufacturing industry, as compared with that of France, Belgium, and Germany. The superiority of the latter in many respects over the English, added to other causes, is, however, having its effects. At Bolton, in Lancashire, the laborers a few days ago treated the demand for a reduction of five per cent. on the wages paid in cotton factories with a respect wholly unknown. In various other departments of industry strikes have been settled by workmen on a basis which concedes the inability of the capitalist to continue high wages in the face of the competition to which labor is now exposed. This change in tone comes late, but it is yet possible to create a joint interest between classes hitherto opposed which may so improve the habits and industry of the operative as to make English competition with the world on the basis of free-trade harmless to the kingdom. Complete harmony is now essential to success.

The slow recovery in England from the financial explosion which, in 1866, followed the wildly speculative creation of companies on the policy of a limited liability, and the unexpected and unwelcome termination of the war in the United States, is attributed by many to the high price of raw cotton; but the English grain crops of 1867 and 1868 having been bad, the large population, deprived of much of their food, were only small consumers of manufactured products. The diminished consumption of cotton goods in 1867 in England was equivalent to 50,000,000 pounds weight. Other manufacturing nations in Europe had to pay for raw cotton on the same or worse terms than the English—they were supplied with it largely through England—but whatever suffering they encountered from the high price of that staple was not attributed to a cause applicable equally to all nations except India and the United States, which were both growers and manufacturers of cotton. Portions of the English manufacturers clamor for protection instead of free-trade, and for encouraging the growth of cotton in expensive India, as the remedies for unprofitable labor. But protection would concede inferiority and prevent recuperation; and the effort to elevate this culture in India will be fruitless against the superior climate and lands of the cotton-growing region in the South, and against the education and skill of Southern planters, who can raise enough of this staple at low prices—which must soon prevail—to supply the world.

When the true causes of English stagnation are fully understood and admitted, a powerful effort will be made, through harmonious relations on the part of capital and labor, to recover the lost ground, even although reciprocity in the policy of other nations may not be allowed. The ground assumed by the English of ability to compete with all others, which for years was successfully maintained, can not be abandoned without continued and hopeless distress.

It is supposed that a million of laboring men in England, with their families, counting say four millions more, might be converted into agricultural laborers, if the land now appropriated to the parks of the aristocracy were opened to cultivation. As the struggle now going on involves the life or death of those who do not emigrate, it would seem that these parks must be applied to cultivation under a system of laws which no longer encourage landed accumulation. This change will undoubtedly help the industry of England, but at the expense of the governing classes, which by gross neglect of high duties, and by a dedication of their lives to frivolities and dissipation, have weakened, if not forfeited, their hereditary claims. The increasing power of the uneducated classes has been invited by rulers whose prestige and strength have been voluntarily wasted.

The gravest difficulty which now disturbs the nation is the Irish question—not free, in the view of many, of complication with the United States. The large immigration into the United States of Irishmen loaded with hostility to England, and their connection with the Democratic party, create the fear that, if the Democracy should succeed in the elections, the Government here might be urged into at least a very unfriendly policy toward England. But apart from this complication the question in its domestic shape threatens the peace of the kingdom. Sympathy with Ireland, on the ground of supposed or actual cruelty practiced by landlords, has moved those laboring classes which have lately been invested with the ballot; and terrorism makes its headway without much obstruction from the Government. Landlords are driven away, and the tenant is likely to become master of the field in scorn of English ascendency.

The difficulty is much deeper than is admitted. The difference in religion is at the bottom of it—a contest which Rome will not allow to be composed except on the basis of a complete triumph. The question is part of the wider one which seeks the conquest of nations, and the universal prevalence of Roman Catholicism. The human mind fails to measure the extent of this conflict, which has been active since the Reformation, involving a struggle every where for empire. England may gain peace for a time by conceding independence to Ireland, but only for a time, as she must ultimately share in the universal struggle.

In looking at the present aspect of things, it would seem that Providence is furnishing the world with additional proof that but little true happiness and repose may be found, at least when just conditions are neglected. Spain and Cuba are convulsed with revolution. France is disturbed with fear of such an event in case of Napoleon's death. Some of the South American republics are in arms. China full, insists on overflow upon others, and England for the first time abandons her colonial policy, fearing that its continuance may embroil her with other powers. The United States affords evidence, in many portions of it, that our republican system is afflicted with such deep corruption as to produce the apprehensions which draw from the English premier his guarded but ominous admissions. The times call for wisdom, virtue, and prudence there and here, or wide-spread confusion may follow. England must summon all of her resolution to overcome the serious difficulties which threaten her industry and her government.

YOUNG MEDICAL GENTLEMEN.

In the golden age of the Republic, Captain Rynders and his mob silenced Mrs. Lucretia Mott, in the Broadway Tabernacle, because of her indecent and incendiary declaration of the equal right of innocent Americans to personal liberty. But Captain Rynders and his mob, although characteristic defenders of the true Democratic faith and heroic champions of public decency, failed to save the great Goliath for whom they fought. The gentle words of Mrs. Mott were more powerful than all the oaths and shillalahs of the Empire Club, and, like the smooth stones from the brook, slew the huge giant of the Captain's idolatry.

It is a lesson which the young gentlemen of the Philadelphia Medical School might ponder with advantage. The authorities recently opened the clinical lectures at the hospital to young women, and a class of twenty-five attended. They were modest, intelligent, and sincerely interested in the study of a profession which, in many branches and under many circumstances, it is most desirable that women should practice, and of course should practice with every advantage and with the best possible preparation. In the lecture hall, with the twenty-five young women, sat three or four hundred other young persons, sarcastically called young gentlemen. These last indulged their wit and humor before the beginning of the lecture by shouting, "Hat! hat!" to two or three of the managers of the hospital who were Quakers. After the lecture began, they were quiet. But the lecture was followed by a case of practical surgery, the treatment of a young man with a broken thigh. In the midst of the operation the young gentlemen burst into roars of mock applause, stamping, clapping, hissing, and jeering, all directed at the twenty-five young women, who sat calmly, intent upon their duty. But lest the manifest desertion of their proper sphere by the young women had not been sufficiently demonstrated by the young gentlemen, the latter, when the ladies came out, crowded them from the footwalk into the cartway across the hospital grounds.

Like the conduct of Captain Rynders and his mob, this of the Philadelphia young gentlemen was brave and manly. But, we fear, that also, like the former, it will fail of its purpose. If there are young women—and we assure these young gentlemen that there are a great many—who are anxious to accomplish themselves in medical and surgical science and practice, they know that the most disgusting obstacle they will encounter is not the nature of the study, but the conduct of the young gentlemen, their fellow-students. Are those young gentlemen not able to see that such conduct as theirs of the other day, instead of persuading modest women that women should not pursue such studies, only deepens the resolve of every self-respecting woman that she will do all that she can by sympathy for her sisters who are inclined to these studies, were it only to save herself in delicate and critical moments from the possible presence and professional treatment of the other sex?

GENERAL JORDAN UPON CUBA.

General Jordan, Adjutant-General of the Army of Cuba, gives in a recent letter some information as to the actual situation of the country as he views it. He says that the Cuban cause has no absolute need of foreign soldiers of any kind. The Cuban army numbers 26,800 men who have arms; and it is followed by 40,000 liberated slaves armed with the machetas—a weapon half hatchet and half meat-axe. The pressing want is arms and clothes. If the Cubans had 75,000 stands of arms, he is very sure they could end the war in ninety days. They have not attacked the large cities and ports because, having no artillery, they could not hold them. Meanwhile there are 30,000 Cuban ladies "living an aboriginal life," half naked upon the hill-sides, suffering indescribably, and absolutely requiring clothes and shelter.

This statement from the camp of the revolutionary army is certainly not encouraging for the Cuban cause. General Jordan does not say that the revolutionary leaders have money to buy arms and clothing; but for the latter he appeals to the sympathy of "the American ladies." What, then, must be considered the prospects of the revolution? The difficulty has thus far been that no great and decisive battles were fought; and no such positive advantages gained as would justify action upon the part of foreign Governments. But it now appears that no such battle can be fought for want of arms. A new junta, or what may be called a foreign committee of the war, has been named in this country; and it is declared to be their intention to appeal to Congress to recognize Cuban independence, upon the ground that Spain has not yet subdued the revolution; that the Cubans have sacrificed every thing; that they were friendly to the United States Government during the rebellion, and have been for a long time identified in feeling upon the subject of slavery with the people of the free States in this country. Such claims, if authentic, certainly command sympathy; but they are not grounds upon which to recognize Cuban independence. General Jordan's letter does not describe a situation which justifies the assertion that Cuba has earned the recognition of her independence in the manner which reason and national comity demand.

NOTES.

Among the notable papers in *Harper's Monthly* for December is an article upon Œcumenical Councils, which is not only timely, but is of very great historical interest and value. It is by far the most complete and learned paper upon the subject yet published in this country, nor does the learning in the least oppress the style, which is lucid and picturesque.

Amos Kendall, who lately died in Washington, was noted for two things: for his influence upon General Jackson as chief of the kitchen cabinet; and for virtually authorizing the robbery of the mails when he was Postmaster-General. In 1835 certain anti-slavery "mail matter" arrived in Charleston. A meeting of slaveholders and their friends was called, which the clergy attended in a body. The meeting resolved that the mail matter should be burned; and the bags were rifled and the contents destroyed. Mr. Amos Kendall was Postmaster-General; and when the subject was submitted to him by the Postmaster in Charleston Mr. Kendall replied that he had no legal authority to exclude newspapers from the mail, nor to prohibit their delivery—*but* "I am not prepared to direct you to forward or deliver the papers of which you speak......I can not sanction, and will not condemn, the step you have taken." Mr. Kendall belonged to the worst class of public servants this country has known.

The Administration has made no better appointment than that of Charles J. Folger as Assistant Treasurer in New York. In character, ability, and experience of affairs, no public man in the State is his superior; and his appointment is a subject of general congratulation.

A series of "historical, personal, and critical epistles" has just begun in the Troy *Daily Times* by A. Hunker. The laudable object of this excellent person is "to write up the sad history of Reform in my country before it becomes utterly fixed in the popular mind as worthy and honorable." It certainly is in great danger of being so fixed very rapidly; and no time, therefore, was to be lost in unfixing it. Mr. Hunker has not begun too soon; and he addresses himself with great spirit to his task, trusting that as "the great and good Mr. Nasby" has hitherto saved Kentucky from the horrors of progress, he may do something to stay them in New York. He evidently believes that there is a sunbeam in the cucumber, if he can only get it out.

The most ancient and respectable barriers fall before new ideas. The Austrian universities have always as sternly refused to admit Jews as professors as the American colleges to admit women as pupils. But now a Jew has been made Professor of Ophthalmic Surgery in the University of Innsbruck; while in this country Miss Mary Hovey has been appointed Professor of Horticulture in the Kansas Agricultural College; and the St. Louis Law School in Missouri has proved that it has wider doors than the Columbia College Law School in New York, by admitting to the Junior class two young women, one from St. Louis and the other from Brooklyn. The managers of the school say that they are unwilling that any respectable person who wishes to study law, and who honorably complies with the conditions required, should be deprived on account of sex of the advantages of the Law Department. Such a decision may tend to destroy the foundations of society, but it certainly *seems* to be very sensible. Is Portia so very unwomanly a figure?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Presbyterian Assemblies at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, dissolved November 12. The union of the Old and New School parties was the occasion of great enthusiasm. The first united Assembly will be held in May, 1870, at Philadelphia.

The President has appointed Charles J. Folger, of Geneva, New York, to be Assistant United States Treasurer in New York, in the place of General Butterfield.

On November 14 a railroad accident occurred, resulting in great loss of life, in California, near San Leandro. A train on the Western Pacific Railroad bound eastward collided with the Alameda Ferry train in a fog. From ten to fifteen persons were killed, and from thirty to forty wounded.

At Des Moines, Iowa, on the 13th, there was a collision between a freight train and the eastern bound Pacific Railroad passenger train. A Pullman palace car and two other passenger cars were demolished, and from fifteen to twenty persons injured.

The large frame building known as the Republican Wigwam, at Chicago, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 13th.

The first stone of the new Post-office building in this city was laid on the afternoon of the 13th.

Amos Kendall, the veteran politician, died in Washington, November 12, in his eighty-first year. He was one of the delegates to the Chicago Democratic Convention which nominated General M'Clellan for President.

Major-General Wool died at Troy, November 10, in his eightieth year.

Hon. Robert J. Walker died at his residence, in Washington, November 11, aged sixty-eight.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Bishop of London on the 14th delivered a funeral sermon on the late George Peabody, at Westminster Abbey. The Bishop said no untitled commoner ever drew around his grave so large a concourse of sincere mourners as George Peabody. The reason was that through a long life he had labored for others, especially for the poor. Simple in his habits, unambitious of rank or power, he found his enjoyment in beneficence. It was his business to gather wealth, and his joy to give it away. His name would be the heritage of two great nations, and would form another strand of the cord binding England and America.

George Peabody, just before his death, made an additional donation of £150,000 to the Peabody Fund in aid of the London poor.

A monster demonstration in honor of Henri Rochefort was made in the streets of Paris on the night of November 12.

The Italian-Cabinet approves of the choice of the Duke of Genoa for the Spanish throne.

Admiral Topete has been elected Vice-President of the Spanish Cortes.

It is said that more than 600 Americans attend the German universities.

The entire Russian army is to be provided with breech-loaders.

Latin will be the language of the Œcumenical Council, and a uniform pronunciation is to be fixed, in order that the assembly, owing to the diversity of accents, need not degenerate into a second Tower of Babel.

The Bishop of Orleans, France, declares that he will abide by the decisions of the Œcumenical Council, whatever they may be. The letter of the Archbishop of Paris, issued November 7, opposing the adoption of Papal infallibility by the Council without discussion, is reported to have been instigated by Napoleon.

THE SCHOOL-SHIP "MERCURY."

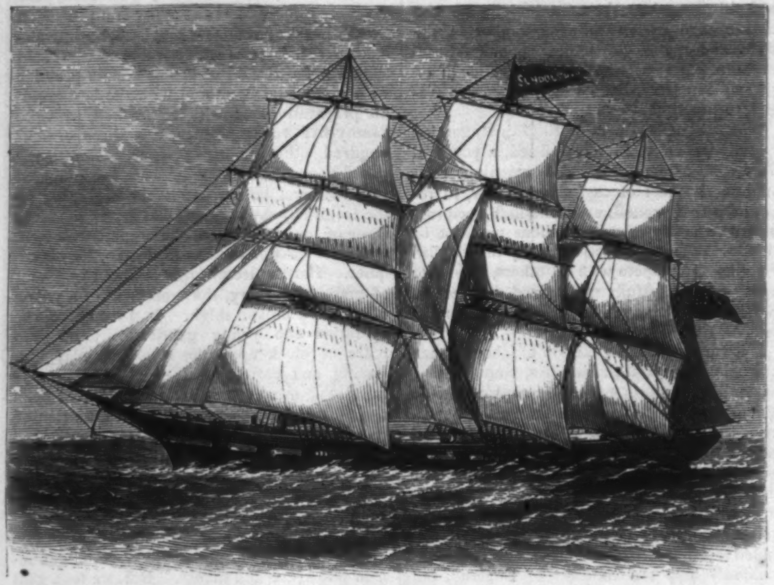
It is only quite recently that practical philanthropists have directed their attention to the homeless boys of our large cities. It was known that our criminal classes were fed from these "Arabs" of the street; but beyond the punishment of those detected in guilt nothing was done—no effort was made in a practicable and sensible way, looking toward the *prevention* of crime or the rescue of unfortunate youth. Lately, however, something has been accomplished in this direction by the Children's Aid Refuge. This plan lacked in one important respect. Escaping from the Refuge, the boys in most cases went back to the street, and, under the influence of the old temptations, resumed their former evil courses.

We think it was in Boston that the idea first originated of training neglected boys for seamen. A school-ship was instituted for this purpose in Boston; and our Commissioners of Public Charities have adopted a similar idea in this city, and the boys from Blackwell's and Hart's islands have been drafted into the school-ship *Mercury*. This ship, of which we give an illustration on this page, arrived off the Battery November 1. She was formerly a Havre packet, a noble vessel, 200 feet in length, 40 feet beam, and 21 feet in depth, and about 1600 tons register. Her dimensions between decks are 7½ feet. Her accommodations and fitting up in cabins, storerooms, etc., are perfection. She has been arranged for 300 boys, though at present there are only 114 on board; but there are 100 at Hart's Island eagerly waiting for the necessary uniforms to come on board. These, as well as every thing possible, are made at the various institutions; and therefore the delay is altogether unavoidable. The yards are so heavy that, to fill all the stations in man-of-war style, it absolutely requires three hundred boys, and these there will not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining. Having formerly been a packet, every thing about the *Mercury* is in gallant, handsome style. All the woodwork is neatly painted; there is a profusion of brass-work, which is polished, and which the boys keep in remarkable neatness, and like a mirror.

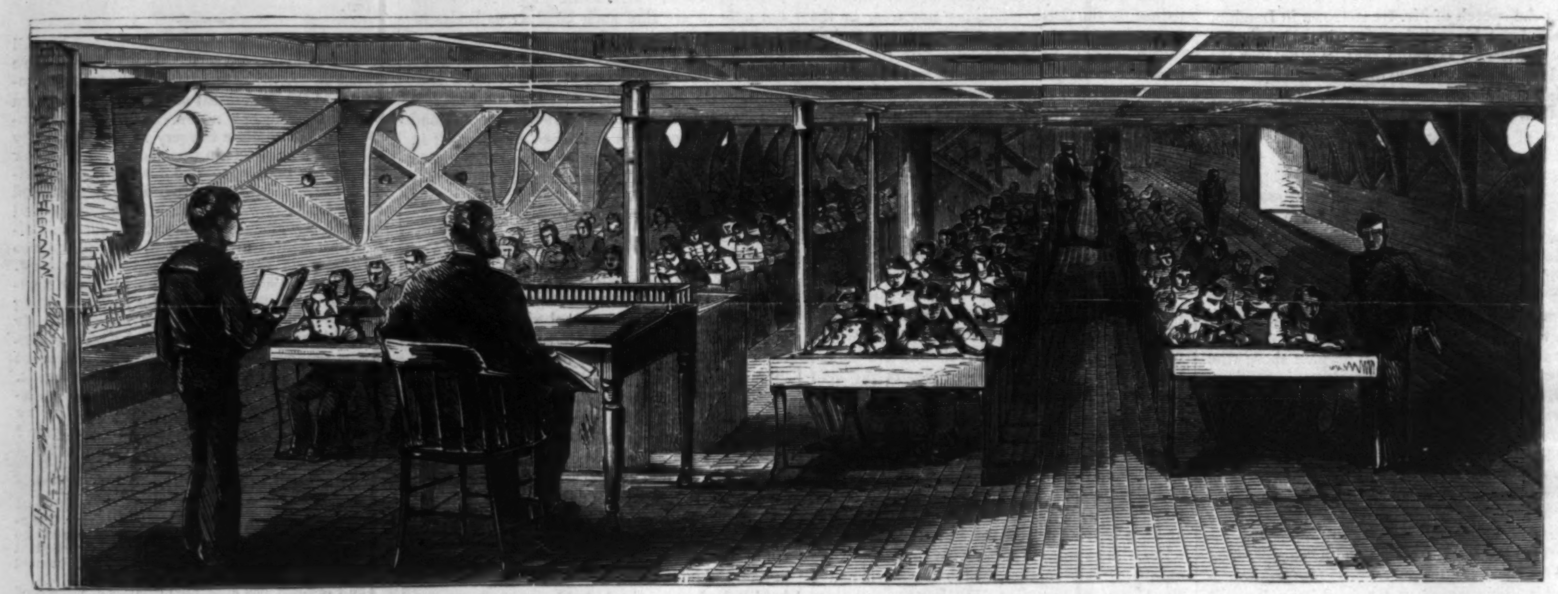
Chief among the officers is a gentleman whose bravery and humanity in the saving of human life have been gratefully acknowledged by the Queen of England, accompanied with a valuable gold watch, and by the King of Prussia, who presented him with a superb chronometer. He has also been the recipient, from various societies, of two gold and three silver medals. He was in command of the vessel when she was purchased by the city of New York for her present purpose, and says, pleasantly, that it seems he was bought with the ship.

The boys are generously provided for in every thing touching their comfort. They are divided into starboard and port watches, in naval style, and are well and warmly clothed in naval uniforms, having round their blue cap a ribbon with *Mercury* in golden letters. They rise at half past five (at five A.M. in summer), stow away their hammocks and wash the decks, clean the brass-work, and make things ship-shape, until half past seven, when they have breakfast. Then half of each watch goes to school, and the other half goes on deck, loosing and reefing sails, learning seamanship, exercising with the two brass six-pounders they have on board, and making all kinds of sennit to noon, when there is a spell for dinner and recreation until one. At that hour work of the same kind recommences until five P.M., when comes supper and freedom until half past seven. At that hour they sing hymns and strong, hearty songs, like "Hoist up the Flag!" which they give with immense gusto and with a strong intonation on the final syllable, in genuine Bowery style. After this they learn to box the compass. Then comes the *viva voce* recitation of the Lord's Prayer, then five minutes' silent prayer, and then hammocks are piped down, and in a few moments the embryo tars are in the soundest of slumbers.

Admiral PORTER has informed General BOWEN, one of the Commissioners of Public Charities, that he is highly in favor of the institution, and believes it will prove a valuable nursery for our naval forces. The Admiral proposes shortly to make a cruise with the *Mercury*.



THE SCHOOL-SHIP "MERCURY."—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



SCHOOL BETWEEN DECKS ON THE SCHOOL-SHIP "MERCURY."—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

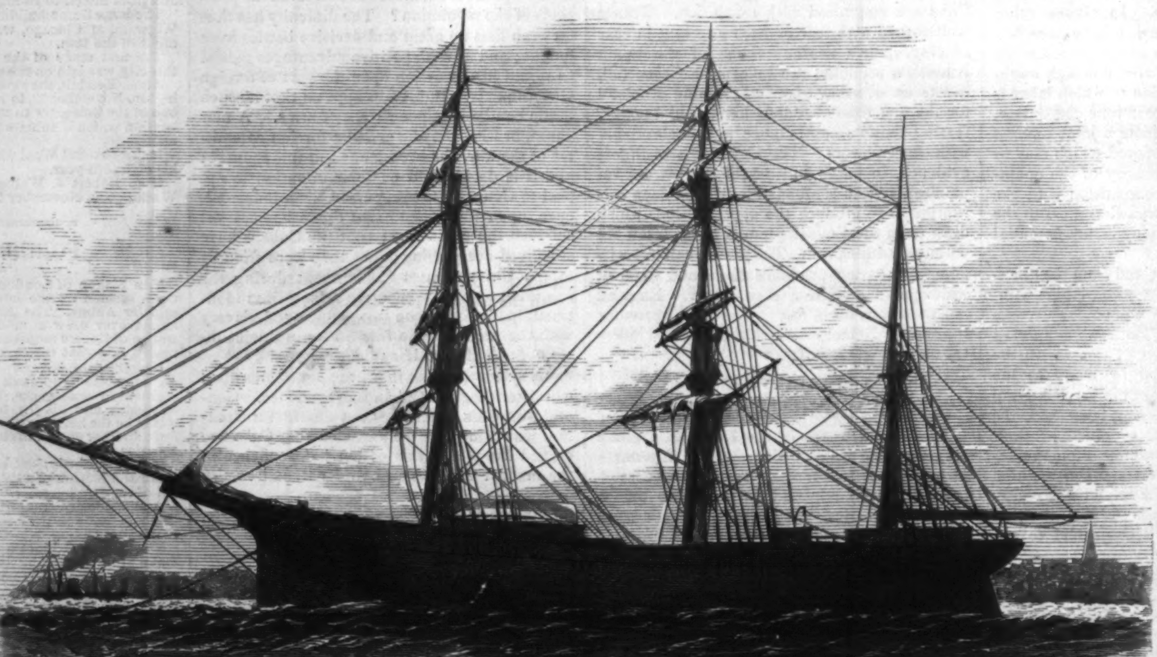
ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE.

It has been charged, by the Roman Catholics, against Protestantism that the freedom of thought and conscience which the latter has nourished has been the cause of modern infidelity. Not only is this charge without foundation as against Protestantism, but it may with justice be hurled back against those who make it.

In Protestant England and America both political and religious liberty have found their boldest champions, and have been developed to their largest growth, and under the most healthful conditions. On the other hand, in Roman Catholic Spain, France, and Italy civil freedom has been choked by the atmosphere; it has breathed by gasps; its life has been perpetuated through a series of violent revolutions, and it has never gained a permanent triumph. Freedom of thought in these countries has been developed under the same morbid conditions. As their political revolutionists have always substituted anarchy for despotism, so their scientists and philosophers have almost invariably sought refuge from priestcraft in infidelity.

The present condition of France in these respects is very plainly shown in the attitude of M. Raspail, the editor of the *Réveil*, and one of the radical deputies of the Corps Legislatif. His opinions, as taken from his own lips, are published in the New York *Herald*. We will give a brief extract from this correspondence, showing the religious condition of France, and the peculiar views to which men of thought, disgusted with the corruption of the Romish Church, are driven.

"Religion," says M. Raspail, "must be based on morality—on our conscience. It must be at the bottom of the heart, or nowhere. We know nothing in regard to who or what is God. Rather than adopt all the *niaiseries* (stuff) put forward by the Jesuits, let us rather believe the beneficent Being to exist in nature. Who knows if we are not ourselves parts of the divinity? Now, religion in France is a mockery, and worse—the instrument of tyranny and the source of degradation. Our people are corrupted by its agencies. The noblemen do not spend their nights with their wives, but stay with actresses and lewd women. In their eyes the title of father, husband, wife is as nothing. The wives, on their side, amuse themselves by going to the churches, where they would never go if it was not for the priests. They go there, at the same time, to show off their fine robes and toilets, as to a day theatre. See, at Compiègne, how the highest ladies, in the midst of holding their fashionable tea-parties and soirées, give rendezvous with 'little pieces of paper,' and then go and come from their walks, perfectly unconcerned—a mere pastime. It is an odious disgrace that our France of to-day should be filled with so many convents, which are real houses of infamy and degradation for humanity. Here we have, inhabiting these numerous religious establishments, a vast army of over 100,000 persons, who are all the time engaged in disseminating infamy and in corrupting women—the wives and daughters of the people. Now these persons should be removed from such a state."



THE "IRON AGE."—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

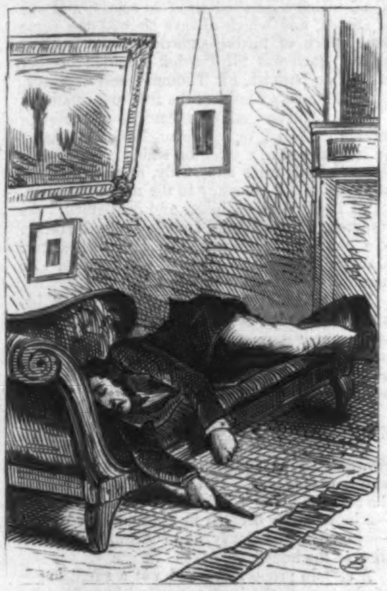
Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROLOGUE.—THE IRISH MARRIAGE.

Part the Second.

THE MARCH OF TIME.



V.

ADVANCING from time past to time present, the Prologue leaves the date last attained (the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-five), and travels on through an interval of twelve years—tells who lived, who died, who prospered, and who failed among the persons concerned in the tragedy at the Hampstead villa—and, this done, leaves the reader at the opening of THE STORY, in the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

The record begins with a marriage—the marriage of Mr. Vanborough and Lady Jane Parnell.

In three months from the memorable day when his solicitor had informed him that he was a free man, Mr. Vanborough possessed the wife he desired, to grace the head of his table and to push his fortunes in the world—the Legislature of Great Britain being the humble servant of his treachery, and the respectable accomplice of his crime.

He entered Parliament. He gave (thanks to his wife) six of the grandest dinners, and two of the most crowded balls of the season. He made a successful first speech in the House of Commons. He endowed a church in a poor neighborhood. He wrote an article which attracted attention in a quarterly review. He discovered, denounced, and remedied a crying abuse in the administration of a public charity. He received (thanks once more to his wife) a member of the Royal family among the visitors at his country house in the autumn recess. These were his triumphs, and this his rate of progress on the way to the peerage, during the first year of his life as the husband of Lady Jane.

There was but one more favor that Fortune could confer on her spoiled child—and Fortune bestowed it. There was a spot on Mr. Vanborough's past life as long as the woman lived whom he had disowned and deserted. At the end of the first year Death took her—and the spot was rubbed out.

She had met the merciless injury inflicted on her with a rare patience, with an admirable courage. It is due to Mr. Vanborough to admit that he broke her heart, with the strictest attention to propriety. He offered (through his lawyer) a handsome provision for her and for her child. It was rejected, without an instant's hesitation. She repudiated his money—she repudiated his name. By the name which she had borne in her maiden days—the name which she had made illustrious in her Art—the mother and daughter were known to all who cared to inquire after them when they had sunk in the world.

There was no false pride in the resolute attitude which she thus assumed after her husband had forsaken her. Mrs. Silvester (as she was now called) gratefully accepted for herself, and for Miss Silvester, the assistance of the dear old friend who had found her again in her affliction, and who remained faithful to her to the end. They lived with Lady Lundie until the mother was strong enough to carry out the plan of life which she had arranged for the future, and to earn her bread as a teacher of singing. To all appearance she rallied, and became herself again, in a few months' time. She was making her way; she was winning sympathy, confidence, and respect every where—when she sank suddenly at the opening of her new life. Nobody could account for it. The doctors themselves were divided in opinion. Scientifically speaking, there was no reason why she should die. It was a mere figure of speech—in no degree satisfactory to any reasonable mind—to say, as Lady Lundie said, that she had got her death-blow on the day when her husband deserted her. The one thing certain was the fact—account for it as you might. In spite of science (which meant little), in spite of her own courage (which meant much), the woman dropped at her post and died.

In the latter part of her illness her mind gave way. The friend of her old school-days, sitting at the bedside, heard her talking as if she thought herself back again in the cabin of the ship. The poor soul found the tone, almost the look, that had been lost for so many years—the tone of the past time when the two girls had gone their different ways in the world. She said, "we will meet, darling, with all the old love between us," just as she had said almost a lifetime since. Before the end her mind rallied. She surprised the doctor and the nurse by begging them gently to leave the room. When they had gone she looked at Lady Lundie, and woke, as it seemed, to consciousness from a dream.

"Blanche," she said, "you will take care of my child?"

"She shall be *my* child, Anne, when you are gone."

The dying woman paused, and thought for a little. A sudden trembling seized her.

"Keep it a secret!" she said. "I am afraid for my child."

"Afraid? After what I have promised you?"

She solemnly repeated the words, "I am afraid for my child."

"Why?"

"My Anne is my second self—isn't she?"

"Yes."

"She is as fond of your child as I was of you?"

"Yes."

"She is not called by her father's name—she is called by mine. She is Anne Silvester as I was. Blanche! *Will she end like Me?*"

The question was put with the laboring breath, with the heavy accents which tell that death is near. It chilled the living woman who heard it to the marrow of her bones.

"Don't think that!" she cried, horror-struck. "For God's sake, don't think that!"

The wildness began to appear again in Anne Silvester's eyes. She made feebly-impatient signs with her hands. Lady Lundie bent over her, and heard her whisper, "Lift me up."

She lay in her friend's arms; she looked up in her friend's face; she went back wildly to her fear for her child.

"Don't bring her up like Me! She must be a governess—she must get her bread. Don't let her act! don't let her sing! don't let her go on the stage!" She stopped—her voice suddenly recovered its sweetness of tone—she smiled faintly—she said the old girlish words once more, in the old girlish way, "Vow it, Blanche!" Lady Lundie kissed her, and answered, as she had answered when they parted in the ship, "I vow it, Anne!"

The head sank, never to be lifted more. The last look of life flickered in the filmy eyes and went out. For a moment afterward her lips moved. Lady Lundie put her ear close to them, and heard the dreadful question reiterated, in the same dreadful words: "She is Anne Silvester—as I was. *Will she end like Me?*"

VI.

Five years passed—and the lives of the three men who had sat at the dinner-table in the Hampstead villa began, in their altered aspects, to reveal the progress of time and change.

Mr. Kendrew; Mr. Delamayn; Mr. Vanborough. Let the order in which they are here named be the order in which their lives are reviewed, as seen once more after a lapse of five years.

How the husband's friend marked his sense of the husband's treachery has been told already. How he felt the death of the deserted wife is still left to tell. Report, which sees the inmost hearts of men, and delights in turning them outward to the public view, had always declared that Mr. Kendrew's life had its secret, and that the secret was a hopeless passion for the beautiful woman who had married his friend. Not a hint ever dropped to any living soul, not a word ever spoken to the woman herself, could be produced in proof of the assertion while the woman lived. When she died Report started up again more confidently than ever, and appealed to the man's own conduct as proof against the man himself.

He attended the funeral—though he was no relation. He took a few blades of grass from the turf with which they covered her grave—when he thought that nobody was looking at him. He disappeared from his club. He traveled. He came back. He admitted that he was weary of England. He applied for, and obtained, an appointment in one of the colonies. To what conclusion did all this point? Was it not plain that his usual course of life had lost its attraction for him, when the object of his infatuation had ceased to exist? It might have been so—guesses less likely have been made at the truth, and have hit the mark. It is, at any rate, certain that he left England, never to return again. Another man lost, Report said. Add to that, a man in ten thousand—and, for once, Report might claim to be right.

Mr. Delamayn comes next.

The rising solicitor was struck off the roll, at his own request—and entered himself as a student at one of the Inns of Court. For three years nothing was known of him but that he was reading hard and keeping his terms. He was called to the Bar. His late partners in the firm knew they could trust him, and put business into his hands. In two years he made himself a position in Court. At the end of the two years he made himself a position *out* of Court. He appeared as "Junior" in "a famous case," in which the honor of a great family, and the title to a great estate were concerned. His "Senior" fell ill on the eve of the trial. He conducted the case for the defendant and won it. The defendant said, "What can I do for you?" Mr. Delamayn answered, "Put me into Parliament." Being a landed gentleman, the defendant had only to issue the necessary orders—and behold, Mr. Delamayn was in Parliament!

In the House of Commons the new member and Mr. Vanborough met again.

They sat on the same bench, and sided with the same party. Mr. Delamayn noticed that Mr. Vanborough was looking old and worn and gray. He put a few questions to a well-informed person. The well-informed person shook his head. Mr. Vanborough was rich; Mr. Vanborough was well-connected (through his wife); Mr. Vanborough was a sound man in every sense of the word; *but*—nobody liked him. He had done very well the first year, and there it had ended. He was undeniably clever, but he produced a disagreeable impression in the House. He gave splendid entertainments, but he wasn't popular in society. His party respected him, but when they had any thing to give they passed him over. He had a temper of his own, if the truth must be told; and with nothing against him—on the contrary, with every thing in his favor—he didn't make friends. A soured man. At home and abroad, a soured man.

VII.

Five years more passed, dating from the day when the deserted wife was laid in her grave. It was now the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

On a certain day in that year two special items of news appeared in the papers—the news of an elevation to the peerage, and the news of a suicide.

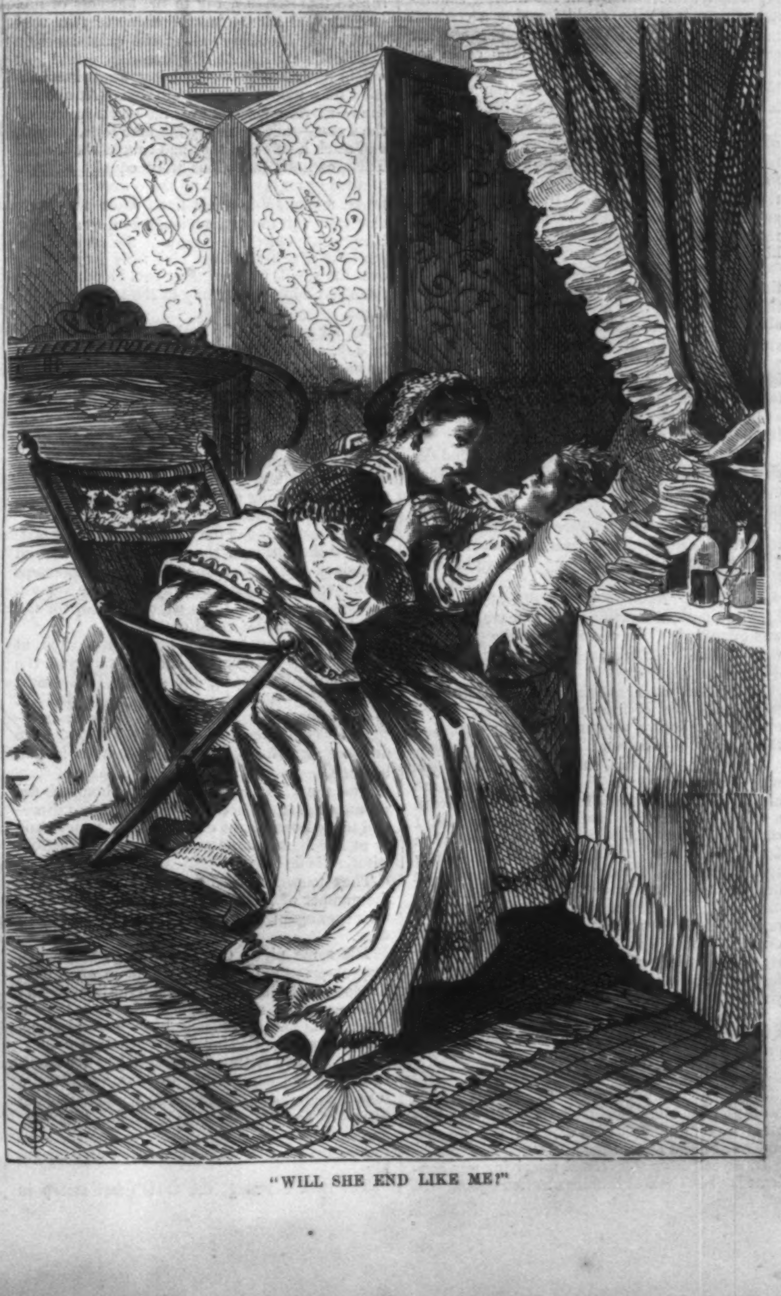
Getting on well at the Bar, Mr. Delamayn got on better still in Parliament. He became one of the prominent men in the House. Spoke clearly, sensibly, and modestly, and was never too long. Held the House, where men of higher abilities "bored" it. The chiefs of his party said openly, "We must do something for Delamayn." The opportunity offered, and the chiefs kept their word. Their Solicitor-General was advanced a step, and they put Delamayn in his place. There was an outcry on the part of the older members of the Bar. The Ministry answered, "We want a man who is listened to in the House, and we have got him." The papers supported the new nomination. A great debate came off, and the new Solicitor-General justified the Ministry and the papers. His enemies said, derisively, "He will be Lord Chancellor in a year or two!" His friends made genial jokes in his domestic circle, which pointed to the same conclusion. They warned his two sons, Julius and Geoffrey (then at college), to be careful what acquaintances they made, as they might find themselves the sons of a lord at a moment's notice. It really began to look like something of the sort. Always rising, Mr. Delamayn rose next to be Attorney-General. About the same time—so true it is that "nothing succeeds like success"—a childless relative died and left him a fortune. In the summer of 'sixty-six a Chief Judgeship fell vacant. The Ministry had made a previous appointment which had been universally unpopular. They saw their way to supplying the place of their Attorney-General, and they offered the judicial appointment to Mr. Delamayn. He preferred remaining in the House of Commons, and refused to accept it. The Ministry declined to take No for an answer. They whispered confidentially, "Will you take it with a peerage?" Mr. Delamayn consulted his wife, and took it with a peerage. The London *Gazette* announced him to the world as Baron Holchester of Holchester. And the friends of the family rubbed their hands and said, "What did we tell you? Here are our two young friends, Julius and Geoffrey, the sons of a lord!"

And where was Mr. Vanborough all this time? Exactly where we left him five years since.

He was as rich, or richer, than ever. He was as well-connected as ever. He was as ambitious as ever. But there it ended. He stood still in the House; he stood still in society; nobody liked him; he made no friends. It was all the old story over again, with this difference, that the soured man was sourer; the gray head, grayer; and the irritable temper more unendurable than ever. His wife had her rooms in the house and he had his, and the confidential servants took care that they never met on the stairs. They had no children. They only saw each other at their grand dinners and balls. People ate at their table, and danced on their floor, and compared notes afterward, and said how dull it was. Step by step the man who had once been Mr. Vanborough's lawyer rose, till the peerage received him, and he could rise no longer; while Mr. Vanborough, on the lower round of the ladder, looked up, and noted it, with no more chance (rich as he was and well-connected as he was) of climbing to the House of Lords than your chance or mine.

The man's career was ended; and on the day when the nomination of the new peer was announced, the man ended with it.

He laid the newspaper aside without making any remark, and went out. His carriage set him down, where the green fields still remain, on the northwest of London, near the foot-path which leads to Hampstead. He walked alone to the villa where he had once lived with the woman whom he had so cruelly wronged. New houses had risen round it, part of the old garden had been sold and built on. After a moment's hesitation he went to the gate and rang the bell. He gave the servant his card. The servant's master knew the name as the name of a man



"WILL SHE END LIKE ME?"

of great wealth, and of a Member of Parliament. He asked politely to what fortunate circumstance he owed the honor of that visit. Mr. Vanborough answered, briefly and simply, "I once lived here; I have associations with the place with which it is not necessary for me to trouble you. Will you excuse what must seem to you a very strange request? I should like to see the dining-room again, if there is no objection, and if I am disturbing nobody."

The "strange requests" of rich men are of the nature of "privileged communications," for this excellent reason, that they are sure not to be requests for money. Mr. Vanborough was shown into the dining-room. The master of the house, secretly wondering, watched him.

He walked straight to a certain spot on the carpet, not far from the window that led into the garden, and nearly opposite the door. On that spot he stood silently, with his head on his breast—thinking. Was it *there* he had seen her for the last time, on the day when he left the room forever? Yes; it was there. After a minute or so he roused himself, but in a dreamy, absent manner. He said it was a pretty place, and expressed his thanks, and looked back before the door closed, and then went his way again. His carriage picked him up where it had set him down. He drove to the residence of the new Lord Holchester, and left a card for him. Then he went home. Arrived at his house, his secretary reminded him that he had an appointment in ten minutes' time. He thanked the secretary in the same dreamy, absent manner in which he had thanked the owner of the villa, and went into his dressing-room. The person with whom he had made the appointment came, and the secretary sent the valet up stairs to knock at the door. There was no answer. On trying the lock it proved to be turned inside. They broke open the door, and saw him lying on the sofa. They went close to look—and found him dead by his own hand.

VIII.

Drawing fast to its close, the Prologue reverts to the two girls—and tells, in a few words, how the years passed with Anne and Blanche.

Lady Lundie more than redeemed the solemn pledge that she had given to her friend. Preserved from every temptation which might lure her into a longing to follow her mother's career; trained for a teacher's life, with all the arts and all the advantages that money could procure, Anne's first and only essays as a governess were made, under Lady Lundie's own roof, on Lady Lundie's own child. The difference in the ages of the girls—seven years—the love between them, which seemed, as time went on, to grow with their growth, favored the trial of the experiment. In the double relation of teacher and friend to little Blanche, the girlhood of Anne Silvester the younger passed safely, happily, uneventfully, in the modest sanctuary of home. Who could imagine a contrast more complete than the contrast between her early life and her mother's? Who could see any thing but a death-bed delusion in the terrible question which had tortured the mother's last moments: "Will she end like Me?"

But two events of importance occurred in the quiet family circle during the lapse of years which is now under review. In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight the household was enlivened by the arrival of Sir Thomas Lundie. In eighteen hundred and sixty-five the household was broken up by the return of Sir Thomas to India, accompanied by his wife.

Lady Lundie's health had been failing for some time previously. The medical men, consulted on the case, agreed that a sea-voyage was the one change needful to restore their patient's wasted strength—exactly at the time, as it happened, when Sir Thomas was due again in India. For his wife's sake, he agreed to defer his return, by taking the sea-voyage with her. The one difficulty to get over was the difficulty of leaving Blanche and Anne behind in England.

Appealed to on this point, the doctors had declared that at Blanche's critical time of life they could not sanction her going to India with her mother. At the same time, near and dear relatives came forward, who were ready and anxious to give Blanche and her governess a home—Sir Thomas, on his side, engaging to bring his wife back in a year and a half, or, at most, in two years' time. Assailed in all directions, Lady Lundie's natural unwillingness to leave the girls was overruled. She consented to the parting—with a mind secretly depressed, and secretly doubtful of the future.

At the last moment she drew Anne Silvester on one side, out of hearing of the rest. Anne was then a young woman of twenty-two, and Blanche a girl of fifteen.

"My dear," she said, simply, "I must tell *you* what I can not tell Sir Thomas, and what I am afraid to tell Blanche. I am going away, with a mind that misgives me. I am persuaded I shall not live to return to England; and, when I am dead, I believe my husband will marry again. Years ago your mother was uneasy, on her death-bed, about *your* future. I am uneasy, now, about Blanche's future. I promised my dear dead friend that you should be like my own child to me—and it quieted her mind. Quiet *my* mind, Anne, before I go. Whatever happens in years to come—promise me to be always, what you are now, a sister to Blanche."

She held out her hand for the last time. With a full heart Anne Silvester kissed it, and gave the promise.

IX.

In two months from that time one of the forebodings which had weighed on Lady Lundie's mind was fulfilled. She died on the voyage, and was buried at sea.

In a year more the second misgiving was confirmed. Sir Thomas Lundie married again. He brought his second wife to England toward the close of eighteen hundred and sixty-six.

Time, in the new household, promised to pass as quietly as in the old. Sir Thomas remembered and respected the trust which his first wife had placed in Anne. The second Lady Lundie, wisely guiding her conduct in this matter by the conduct of her husband, left things as she found them in the new house. At the opening of eighteen hundred and sixty-seven the relations between Anne and Blanche were relations of sisterly sympathy and sisterly love. The prospect in the future was as fair as a prospect could be.

At this date, of the persons concerned in the tragedy of twelve years since at the Hampstead villa, three were dead; and one was self-exiled in a foreign land. There now remained living Anne and Blanche, who had been children at the time; and the rising solicitor who had discovered the flaw in the Irish marriage—once Mr. Delamayn: now Lord Holchester.

The Story.

FIRST SCENE.—THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE OWLS.

IN the spring of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight there lived, in a certain county of North Britain, two venerable White Owls.

The Owls inhabited a decayed and deserted summer-house. The summer-house stood in grounds attached to a country seat in Perthshire, known by the name of Windygates.

The situation of Windygates had been skillfully chosen in that part of the county where the fertile lowlands first begin to merge into the mountain region beyond. The mansion-house was intelligently laid out, and luxuriously furnished. The stables offered a model for ventilation and space; and the gardens and grounds were fit for a prince.

Possessed of these advantages, at starting, Windygates, nevertheless, went the road to ruin in due course of time. The curse of litigation fell on house and lands. For more than ten years an interminable lawsuit coiled itself closer and closer round the place, sequestering it from human habitation, and even from human approach. The mansion was closed. The garden became a wilderness of weeds. The summer-house was choked up by creeping plants; and the appearance of the creepers was followed by the appearance of the birds of night.

For years the Owls lived undisturbed on the property which they had acquired by the oldest of all existing rights—the right of taking. Throughout the day they sat peaceful and solemn, with closed eyes, in the cool darkness shed round them by the ivy. With the twilight they roused themselves softly to the business of life. In sage and silent companionship of two, they went flying, noiseless, along the quiet lanes in search of a meal. At one time they would beat a field like a setter dog, and drop down in an instant on a mouse unaware of them. At another time—moving spectral over the black surface of the water—they would try the lake for a change, and catch a perch as they had caught the mouse. Their catholic digestions were equally tolerant of a rat or an insect. And there were moments, proud moments, in their lives, when they were clever enough to snatch a small bird at roost off his perch. On those occasions the sense of superiority which the large bird feels every where over the small, warmed their cool blood, and set them screeching cheerfully in the stillness of the night.

So, for years, the Owls slept their happy sleep by day, and found their comfortable meal when darkness fell. They had come, with the creepers, into possession of the summer-house. Consequently, the creepers were a part of the constitution of the summer-house. And consequently the Owls were the guardians of the Constitution. There are some human owls who reason as they did, and who are, in this respect—as also in respect of snatching smaller birds off their roosts—wonderfully like them.

The constitution of the summer-house had lasted until the spring of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, when the unhallowed footsteps of innovation passed that way; and the venerable privileges of the Owls were assailed, for the first time, from the world outside.

Two featherless beings appeared, uninvited, at the door of the summer-house, surveyed the constitutional creepers, and said, "These must come down"—looked around at the horrid light of noonday, and said, "That must come in"—went away, thereupon, and were heard, in the distance, agreeing together, "To-morrow it shall be done."

And the Owls said, "Have we honored the summer-house by occupying it all these years—and is the horrid light of noonday to be let in on us at last? My lords and gentlemen, the Constitution is destroyed!"

They passed a resolution to that effect, as is the manner of their kind. And then they shut their eyes again, and felt that they had done their duty.

The same night, on their way to the fields, they observed with dismay a light in one of the windows of the house. What did the light mean?

It meant, in the first place, that the lawsuit was over at last. It meant, in the second place, that the owner of Windygates, wanting money, had decided on letting the property. It meant, in the third place, that the property had found a tenant, and was to be renovated immediately out of doors and in. The Owls shrieked as they flapped along the lanes in the darkness. And that night they struck at a mouse—and missed him.

The next morning, the Owls—fast asleep in charge of the Constitution—were roused by voices of featherless beings all round them. They opened their eyes, under protest, and saw instruments of destruction attacking the creepers. Now in one direction, and now in another, those instruments let in on the summer-house the horrid light of day. But the Owls were equal to the occasion. They ruffled their feathers, and cried, "No surrender!" The featherless beings plied their work cheerfully, and answered, "Reform!" The creepers were torn down this way and that. The horrid daylight poured in brighter and brighter. The Owls had barely time to pass a new resolution, namely, "That we do stand by the Constitution," when a ray of the outer sunlight flashed into their eyes, and sent them flying headlong to the nearest shade. There they sat winking, while the summer-house was cleared of the rank growth that had choked it up, while the rotten wood-work was renewed, while all the murky place was purified with air and light. And when the world saw it, and said, "Now we shall do!" the Owls shut their eyes in pious remembrance of the darkness, and answered, "My lords and gentlemen, the Constitution is destroyed!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE GUESTS.

WHO was responsible for the reform of the summer-house?

The new tenant at Windygates was responsible.

And who was the new tenant?

Come, and see.

In the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-eight the summer-house had been the dismal dwelling-place of a pair of owls. In the autumn of the same year the summer-house was the lively gathering-place of a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, assembled at a lawn party—the guests of the tenant who had taken Windygates.

The scene—at the opening of the party—was as pleasant to look at as light and beauty and movement could make it.

Inside the summer-house the butterfly-brightness of the women in their summer dresses shone radiant out of the gloom shed round it by the dreary modern clothing of the men. Outside the summer-house, seen through three arched openings, the cool green prospect of a lawn led away, in the distance, to flower-beds and shrubberies, and, farther still, disclosed, through a break in the trees, a grand stone house which closed the view, with a fountain in front of it playing in the sun.

They were half of them laughing, they were all of them talking—the comfortable hum of the voices was at its loudest; the cheery pealing of the laughter was soaring to its highest notes—when one dominant voice, rising clear and shrill above all the rest, called imperatively for silence. The moment after, a young lady stepped into the vacant space in front of the summer-house, and surveyed the throng of guests as a general in command surveys a regiment under review.

She was young, she was pretty, she was plump, she was fair. She was not the least embarrassed by her prominent position. She was dressed in the height of the fashion. A hat, like a cheese-plate, was tilted over her forehead. A balloon of light brown hair soared, fully inflated, from the crown of her head. A cataract of beads poured over her bosom. A pair of cock-chafers in enamel (frightfully like the living originals) hung at her ears. Her scanty skirts shone splendid with the blue of heaven. Her ankles twinkled in striped stockings. Her shoes were of the sort called "Watteau." And her heels were of the height at which men shudder, and ask themselves (in contemplating an otherwise lovable woman), "Can this charming person straighten her knees?"

The young lady thus presenting herself to the general view was Miss Blanche Lundie—once the little rosy Blanche whom the Prologue has introduced to the reader. Age, at the present time, eighteen. Position, excellent. Money, certain. Temper, quick. Disposition, variable. In a word, a child of the modern time—with the merits of the age we live in, and the failings of the age we live in—and a substance of sincerity and truth and feeling underlying it all.

"Now then, good people," cried Miss Blanche, "silence, if you please! We are going to choose sides at croquet. Business, business, business!"

Upon this, a second lady among the company assumed a position of prominence, and answered the young person who had just spoken with a look of mild reproof, and in a tone of benevolent protest.

The second lady was tall, and solid, and five-and-thirty. She presented to the general observation a cruel aquiline nose, an obstinate straight chin, magnificent dark hair and eyes, a serene splendor of fawn-colored apparel, and a lazy grace of movement which was attractive at first sight, but inexpressibly monotonous and wearisome on a longer acquaintance. This was Lady Lundie the Second, now the widow (after four months only of married life) of Sir Thomas Lundie, deceased. In other words, the step-mother of Blanche, and the enviable person who had taken the house and lands of Windygates.

"My dear," said Lady Lundie, "words have their meanings—even on a young lady's lips. Do you call Croquet, 'business'?"

"You don't call it pleasure, surely?" said a gravely ironical voice in the back-ground of the summer-house.

The ranks of the visitors parted before the last speaker, and disclosed to view, in the midst of that modern assembly, a gentleman of the by-gone time.

The manner of this gentleman was distinguished by a pliant grace and courtesy unknown to the present generation. The attire of this gentleman was composed of a many-folded white cravat, a close-buttoned blue dress-coat, and nankeen trowsers with gaiters to match, ridiculous to the present generation. The talk of this gentleman ran in an easy flow—revealing an independent habit of mind, and exhibiting a carefully-polished capacity for satirical retort—dreaded and disliked by the present generation. Personally, he was little and wiry and slim—with a bright white head, and sparkling black eyes, and a wry twist of humor curling sharply at the corners of his lips. At his lower extremities, he exhibited the deformity which is popularly known as "a club-foot." But he carried his lameness, as he carried his years, gayly. He was socially celebrated for his ivory cane, with a snuff-box artfully let into the knob at the top—and he was socially dreaded for a hatred of modern institutions, which expressed itself in season and out of season, and which always showed the same fatal knack of hitting smartly on the weakest place. Such was Sir Patrick Lundie; brother of the late baronet, Sir Thomas; and inheritor, at Sir Thomas's death, of the title and estates.

Miss Blanche—taking no notice of her step-mother's reproof, or of her uncle's commentary on it—pointed to a table on which croquet mallets and balls were laid ready, and recalled the attention of the company to the matter in hand.

"I head one side, ladies and gentlemen," she resumed. "And Lady Lundie heads the other. We choose our players turn and turn about. Mamma has the advantage of me in years. So mamma chooses first."

With a look at her step-daughter—which, being interpreted, meant, "I would send you back to the nursery, miss, if I could!"—Lady Lundie turned, and ran her eye over her guests. She had evidently made up her mind, beforehand, what player to pick out first.

"I choose Miss Silvester," she said—with a special emphasis laid on the name.

At that there was another parting among the crowd. To us (who know her), it was Anne who now appeared. Strangers, who saw her for the first time, saw a lady in the prime of her life—a lady plainly dressed in unornamented white—who advanced slowly, and confronted the mistress of the house.

A certain proportion—and not a small one—of the men at the lawn-party had been brought there by friends who were privileged to introduce them. The moment she appeared every one of those men suddenly became interested in the lady who had been chosen first.

"That's a very charming woman," whispered one of the strangers at the house to one of the friends of the house. "Who is she?"

The friend whispered back:

"Miss Lundie's governess—that's all."

The moment during which the question was put and answered was also the moment which brought Lady Lundie and Miss Silvester face to face, in the presence of the company.

The stranger at the house looked at the two women, and whispered again.

"Something wrong between the lady and the governess," he said.

The friend looked also, and answered, in one emphatic word:

"Evidently!"

There are certain women whose influence over men is an unfathomable mystery to observers of their own sex. The governess was one of those women. She had inherited the charm, but not the beauty, of her unhappy mother. Judge her by the standard set up in the illustrated gift-books and the print-shop windows—and the sentence must have inevitably followed, "She has not a single good feature in her face." There was nothing individually remarkable about Miss Silvester, seen in a state of repose. She was of the average height. She was as well made as most women. In hair and complexion, she was neither light nor dark, but provokingly neutral, just between the two. Worse even than this, there were positive defects in her face, which it was impossible to deny. A nervous contraction at one corner of her mouth drew up the lips out of the symmetrically right line, when they moved. A nervous uncertainty in the eye on the same side narrowly escaped presenting the deformity of a "cast." And yet, with these indisputable drawbacks, here was one of those women—the formidable few—who have the hearts of men and the peace of families at their mercy. She moved—and there was some subtle charm, Sir, in the movement, that made you look back, and suspend your conversation with your friend, and watch her silently while she walked. She sat by you and talked to you—and behold, a sensitive-something passed into that little twist at the corner of the mouth, and into that nervous uncertainty in the soft gray eye, which turned defect into beauty—which enchained your senses—which made your nerves thrill if she touched you by accident, and set your heart beating if you looked at the same book with her, and felt her breath on your face. All this, let it be well understood, only happened if you were a man. If you saw her with the eyes of a woman, the results were of quite another kind. In that case, you merely turned to your nearest female friend, and said, with unaffected pity for the other sex, "What *can* the men see in her!"

The eyes of the lady of the house and the eyes of the governess met, with marked distrust on either side. Few people could have failed to see, what the stranger and the friend had noticed alike—that there was something smouldering under the surface here. Miss Silvester spoke first.

"Thank you, Lady Lundie," she said. "I would rather not play."

Lady Lundie assumed an extreme surprise which passed the limits of good-breeding.

"Oh, indeed?" she rejoined, sharply. "Considering that we are all here for the purpose of playing, that seems rather remarkable. Is any thing wrong, Miss Silvester?"

A flush appeared on the delicate paleness of Miss Silvester's face. But she did her duty as a woman and a governess. She submitted, and so preserved appearances, for that time.

"Nothing is the matter," she answered. "I am not very well this morning. But I will play if you wish it."

"I do wish it," answered Lady Lundie.

Miss Silvester turned aside toward one of the entrances into the summer-house. She waited for events, looking out over the lawn, with a visible inner disturbance, marked over the bosom by the rise and fall of her white dress.

It was Blanche's turn to select the next player. In some preliminary uncertainty as to her choice, she looked about among the guests, and caught the eye of a gentleman in the front ranks. He stood side by side with Sir Patrick—a striking representative of the school that is among us—as Sir Patrick was a striking representative of the school that has passed away.

The modern gentleman was young and florid, tall and strong. The parting of his curly Saxon locks began in the centre of his forehead, traveled over the top of his head, and ended, rigidly-central, at the ruddy nape of his neck. His features were as perfectly regular and as perfectly unintelligent as human features can be. His expression preserved an immovable composure wonderful to behold. The muscles of his brawny arms showed through the sleeves of his light summer coat. He was deep in the chest, thin in the flanks, firm on the legs—in two words, a magnificent human animal, wrought up to the highest pitch of physical development, from head to foot. This was Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn—commonly called "the honorable;" and meriting that distinction in more ways than one. He was honorable, in the first place, as being the son (second son) of that once-rising solicitor, who was now Lord Holchester. He was honorable, in the second place, as having won the highest popular distinction which the educational system of modern England can bestow—he had pulled the stroke-oar in a University boat-race. Add to this, that nobody had ever seen him read any thing but a newspaper, and that nobody had ever known him to be backward in settling a bet—and the picture of this distinguished young Englishman will be, for the present, complete.

Blanche's eye naturally rested on him. Blanche's voice naturally picked him out as the first player on her side.

"I choose Mr. Delamayn," she said.

As the name passed her lips the flush on Miss Silvester's face died away, and a deadly paleness took its place. She made a movement to leave the summer-house—checked herself abruptly—and laid one hand on the back of a rustic seat at her side. A gentleman behind her, looking at the hand, saw it clench itself so suddenly and so fiercely that the glove on it split. The gentleman made a mental memorandum, and registered Miss Silvester in his private books as "the devil's own temper."

Meanwhile Mr. Delamayn, by a strange coincidence, took exactly the same course which Miss Silvester had taken before him. He, too, attempted to withdraw from the coming game.

"Thanks very much," he said. "Could you additionally honor me by choosing somebody else? It's not in my line."

Fifty years ago such an answer as this, addressed to a lady, would have been considered inexcusably impertinent. The social code of the present time hailed it as something frankly amusing. The company laughed. Blanche lost her temper.

"Can't we interest you in any thing but severe muscular exertion, Mr. Delamayn?" she asked, sharply. "Must you always be pulling in a boat-race, or flying over a high jump? If you had a mind, you would want to relax it. You have got muscles instead. Why not relax *them?*"

The shafts of Miss Lundie's bitter wit glided off Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn like water off a duck's back.

"Just as you please," he said, with stolid good-humor. "Don't be offended. I came here with ladies—and they wouldn't let me smoke. I miss my smoke. I thought I'd slip away a bit and have it. All right! I'll play."

"Oh! smoke by all means!" retorted Blanche. "I shall choose somebody else. I won't have you!"

The honorable young gentleman looked unaffectedly relieved. The petulant young lady turned her back on him, and surveyed the guests at the other extremity of the summer-house.

"Who shall I choose?" she said to herself.

A dark young man—with a face burned gipsy-brown by the sun; with something in his look and manner suggestive of a roving life, and perhaps of a familiar acquaintance with the sea—advanced shyly, and said, in a whisper:

"Choose me!"

Blanche's face broke prettily into a charming smile. Judging from appearances, the dark young man had a place in her estimation peculiarly his own.

"You!" she said, coquettishly. "You are going to leave us in an hour's time!"

He ventured a step nearer. "I am coming back," he pleaded, "the day after to-morrow."

"You play very badly!"

"I might improve—if you would teach me."

"Might you? Then I *will* teach you!" She turned, bright and rosy, to her step-mother. "I choose Mr. Arnold Brinkworth," she said.

Here, again, there appeared to be something in a name unknown to celebrity, which nevertheless produced its effect—not, this time, on Miss Silvester, but on Sir Patrick. He looked at Mr. Brinkworth with a sudden interest and curiosity. If the lady of the house had not claimed his attention at the moment he would evidently have spoken to the dark young man.

But it was Lady Lundie's turn to choose a second player on her side. Her brother-in-law was a person of some importance; and she had her own motives for ingratiating herself with the head of the family. She surprised the whole company by choosing Sir Patrick.

"Mamma!" cried Blanche. "What can you be thinking of? Sir Patrick won't play. Croquet wasn't discovered in his time."

Sir Patrick never allowed "his time" to be made the subject of disparaging remarks by the younger generation without paying the younger generation back in its own coin.

"In *my* time, my dear," he said to his niece, "people were expected to bring some agreeable quality with them to social meetings of this sort. In *your* time you have dispensed with all that. Here," remarked the old gentleman, taking up a croquet mallet from the table near him, "is one of the qualifications for success in modern society. And here," he added, taking up a ball, "is another. Very good. Live and learn. I'll play! I'll play!"

Lady Lundie (born impervious to all sense of irony) smiled graciously.

"I knew Sir Patrick would play," she said, "to please *me.*"

Sir Patrick bowed with satirical politeness.

"Lady Lundie," he answered, "you read me like a book." To the astonishment of all persons present under forty he emphasized those words by laying his hand on his heart, and quoting poetry. "I may say with Dryden," added the gallant old gentleman:

> "'Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty I remember yet.'"

Lady Lundie looked unaffectedly shocked. Mr. Delamayn went a step farther. He interfered on the spot—with the air of a man who feels himself imperatively called upon to perform a public duty.

"Dryden never said that," he remarked, "I'll answer for it."

Sir Patrick wheeled round with the help of his ivory cane, and looked Mr. Delamayn hard in the face.

"Do you know Dryden, Sir, better than I do?" he asked.

The Honorable Geoffrey answered, modestly, "I should say I did. I have rowed three races with him, and we trained together."

Sir Patrick looked round him with a sour smile of triumph.

"Then let me tell you, Sir," he said, "that you trained with a man who died nearly two hundred years ago."

Mr. Delamayn appealed, in genuine bewilderment, to the company generally:

"What does this old gentleman mean?" he asked. "I am speaking of Tom Dryden, of Corpus. Every body in the University knows *him.*"

"I am speaking," echoed Sir Patrick, "of John Dryden the Poet. Apparently, every body in the University does *not* know *him!*"

Mr. Delamayn answered, with a cordial earnestness very pleasant to see:

"Give you my word of honor, I never heard of him before in my life! Don't be angry, Sir. *I'm* not offended with *you.*" He smiled, and took out his brier-wood pipe. "Got a light?" he asked, in the friendliest possible manner.

Sir Patrick answered, with a total absence of cordiality:

"I don't smoke, Sir."

Mr. Delamayn looked at him, without taking the slightest offense:

"You don't smoke!" he repeated. "I wonder how you get through your spare time?"

Sir Patrick closed the conversation:

"Sir," he said, with a low bow, "you *may* wonder."

While this little skirmish was proceeding Lady Lundie and her step-daughter had organized the game; and the company, players and spectators, were beginning to move toward the lawn. Sir Patrick stopped his niece on her way out, with the dark young man in close attendance on her.

"Leave Mr. Brinkworth with me," he said. "I want to speak to him."

Blanche issued her orders immediately. Mr. Brinkworth was sentenced to stay with Sir Patrick until she wanted him for the game. Mr. Brinkworth wondered, and obeyed.

During the exercise of this act of authority a circumstance occurred at the other end of the summer-house. Taking advantage of the confusion caused by the general movement to the lawn, Miss Silvester suddenly placed herself close to Mr. Delamayn.

"In ten minutes," she whispered, "the summer-house will be empty. Meet me here."

The Honorable Geoffrey started, and looked furtively at the visitors about him.

"Do you think it's safe?" he whispered back.

The governess's sensitive lips trembled, with fear or with anger, it was hard to say which.

"I insist on it!" she answered, and left him.

Mr. Delamayn knitted his handsome eyebrows as he looked after her, and then left the summer-house in his turn. The rose-garden at the back of the building was solitary for the moment. He took out his pipe and hid himself among the roses. The smoke came from his mouth in hot and hasty puffs. He was usually the gentlest of masters—to his pipe. When he hurried that confidential servant, it was a sure sign of disturbance in the inner man.

PARAGUAY.

The so-called republic of Paraguay is in reality a despotism, ruled by a tyrant who has no parallel in modern times but Ali Pasha; and the allies have addressed themselves to his destruction with a zeal and effect which are very likely to bring about the extermination of his subjects *en masse.*

When this man's rule began, Paraguay was a fertile country; the old Jesuit settlement called the Missionés, in particular, was a rich and beautiful province, celebrated for its productiveness. Comfortable homesteads and innumerable herds of cattle were to be seen there, but now it is a desolate wilderness, without an inhabitant; and in the other parts of the country, where population still exists, the people are in the extremity of want and misery. The rivers of Paraguay present the flat and desolate appearance peculiar to the giant streams of the great continent of America. Water-fowl, vultures, and alligators have undisputed lodgings on the banks, and long lapses of distance lie between the towns; for instance, after leaving Corrientes, there is not a town for three hundred miles. Asuncion, the capital city, is picturesque, irregular, tawdry, and unfinished, the fine old Spanish houses having been replaced by buildings more to the taste of Lopez, a semi-barbarian in that as in every thing else. Public buildings are falling into decay before they are half built, and ruin is written on every thing. There was a so-called Public Library, but the books were nearly all theological, and few persons were ever seen reading there. Lopez, however, found a characteristic use for the books—he had them cut up for rocket and squib cases.

The Paraguayans are a handsome people, and the native costume of both sexes is beautiful, but it is abandoned almost entirely to the use of the lower classes. They are very ignorant, especially the women; and their lives are wretched, according to our ideas, though it is to be presumed they like them, or did like them, until they came to learn the unmitigated misery of prolonged and merciless war. The country has always been in the worst political condition possible to its institutions for the time being; so bad, that its probable extinction—a design with which "people who know" credit the allies, and which Lopez has certainly done his best to forward—would really appear to be the best thing that could happen to it. Francia, the first President of the Republic after the Spanish yoke had been thrown off, did much good, though he was a ruthless tyrant, who might have been the model monster had there been no Lopez. Terribly severe and irritable, and, haunted by a constant fear of assassination and revolt, he became, in his later years, a moody, bitter, and cruel tyrant, absolutely without a friend, or a single joyous hour. Francia ruled alone, and with irresponsible power, for twenty-six years, and died on Christmas-day, 1840, at the age of seventy-eight. He was buried in the Iglesia de la Incarnacion, the oldest church in Asuncion, in a tomb built on the floor of the choir. The next morning the bricks were found scattered around in all directions, and his body had disappeared. What became of it remains a secret: the trembling people believed the Evil One had carried it away during the night; but it is probable the alligators could have solved the mystery. The terrible dread his very name inspired did not die with him. "A native," says Mr. Masterman, "will never willingly speak of 'el muerto,' as they call him, and to this day will look round fearfully if Francia be mentioned, and only to intimate friends will tell tales of his cruel deeds and supernatural wisdom." The implicit obedience to which he tamed the people rendered them passive in the hands of his successors. They were perfectly submissive to Don Carlos Lopez, a man of very low birth and mixed blood, who was a tolerably good governor, for a Spanish American ruler not cruel, and, though imperious, rude, and overbearing, tolerably just. He died in 1862, and his son Francisco was "elected" as his successor. On this occasion he appears to have inaugurated his career of crime.

"The election was but a farce. The deputies from the ninety-two *partedos* of the republic met in the capital, and sat in the Cabildo, which was surrounded by a strong body of troops, commanded by the very man who asked their votes; and of course all free action, or even discussion, was out of the question. One member, it is true, had the temerity to say that the office of President was declared by the 'organic law' of the country not to be hereditary, and that therefore Don Francisco was not eligible: he was listened to in ominous silence. Another suggested that the present was a good opportunity for modifying the laws of the country; when he was angrily told to hold his tongue by Lopez himself, who reminded the deputies that they had not met to consider the laws of the country, but to elect a new President. That same night both disappeared, and have not been heard of since. It is almost superfluous to add that the next day 'the citizen Francisco Solano Lopez' was unanimously chosen 'Gefe Supremo y General de los Exercitos de la Republica del Paraguay.'"

There was much formal joy; and many forced festivals, which cost large sums of money, were held throughout the country; and the new President began immediately to increase the army, having already raised his own salary to a much larger sum than his father's. There are those who believe that Lopez inaugurated the war with deliberate personal motives from the first, and give the following explanation, which introduces us to the inevitable female element in this strange story: "From Paris, in 1857, Lopez returned, and imported two novelties—the French uniform for officers, and a mistress for himself; the latter a most fatal step in his life, as that lady occupied, eventually, a very prominent place in Paraguayan affairs, and was, I believe, by her evil counsels, the remote cause of the terrible war which has utterly depopulated the country. She is of Irish parentage, but was born in France, and was married to a surgeon in the French army, who still lives, so I will not give his real name; that by which his wife is known in Paraguay is Madame Eloisa Lynch. She is a tall, stout, and remarkably handsome woman; and I could well believe the story, that when she landed in Asuncion, the simple natives thought her charms were of more than earthly brilliancy, and her dress so sumptuous that they had no words to express the admiration they both excited. She had received a showy education—spoke English, French, and Spanish with equal facility; gave capital dinner-parties, and could drink more Champagne without being affected by it than any one I have ever met with. A clever, selfish, and most unscrupulous woman, the influence she exercised over a man so imperious, so weak, and so vain as Lopez was immense. With admirable tact, she treated him with the utmost respect and deference, while she could really do with him as she pleased, and virtually was the ruler of Paraguay. She had two ambitious projects—the first, to marry him; the second, to make him the 'Napoleon of the New World.' The first was a difficult one, for her husband, being a Frenchman, could not sue for a divorce; but should the second succeed, it would not be very hard, perhaps, to procure a dispensation, and her equivocal position would be changed for a secure one. Therefore, she gradually but insidiously imbued Lopez with the idea that he was the greatest soldier of the age, and flattered the vain, credulous, and greedy savage into the belief that he was destined to raise Paraguay from obscurity, and make it the dominant power of South America."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

More Wine or more Wittles?—An English clergyman went to an hotel to order a dinner for a number of clerical friends. "May I ask, Sir," demanded the waiter, gravely, "whether the party is High Church or Low Church?"

"Now, what on earth," cried the clergyman, "do my friends' opinions matter to you?"

"A great deal, Sir," rejoined the waiter, "if High Church, I must provide more wine; if Low Church, more wittles."

Popular Diet in Utah—Spare rib.

A lady, out with her little boy and girl, bought the boy a rubber balloon, which escaped him, and flew up in the air. The girl, seeing tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven you'll dit it."

Selfish.—"My dear," said Mr. B—— to his wife, while his smiling countenance indicated the consciousness of having done a good action, "I have just had my life insured for your benefit." "Well, I declare," said Mrs. B——, looking round upon her family and friends with an expression of injured innocence, "just to think of the selfishness of men, and particularly of husbands! There, you have been and had your life insured, while your poor wife may go without any insurance on hers. It's just what I would expect of you."

It is said—ironically, perhaps—that blacksmiths forge and steel every day.

People who let the grass grow under their feet—Aeronauts.

Editors ought to be able to live cheap—they get "bored" for nothing.

An ex-devil of a country printing-office was questioned as to the duties of a "printer's devil." He replied, "To bring in clean water, carry out dirty water, steal wood, lie, and numerous other articles."

POPPING CORN.

We were popping corn,
Sweet Kitty and I;
It danced about,
And it danced up high.
The embers were hot
In their fiery light,
And it went up brown
And it came down white.
White and beautiful,
Crimped and curled,
The prettiest fairy dance
In the world!
The embers were hot
In their fiery light,
And it went up brown
And it came down white.

Ah, many a time are the embers hot,
And the human spirit can brook it not,
Yet forth from the fervent, fiery light
Cometh transform'd and enrob'd in white.

A student was under examination once, at the College of Surgeons, when a hypothetical case was submitted, its various stages described, and the mode of treatment required. At last came the crisis: "Now, Sir," said Sir A. C., "what would you do?" "Sir," replied the pupil of Esculapius, "I would send for *you.*"

A sufferer complains that squeaking boots "murder sleep" in church.

"Mamma," said a little French girl, "do cats have souls?" "Why, darling?" "Because I should like to have my cat's soul always in heaven with mine." And then, after a moment's reflection, "Why, of course, all the cats' souls must be in heaven to catch the rats' souls."

The following notice was posted on a large box, which passed over one of the great through lines of a railroad a few days since: "Baggage smashers are requested to handle this box with care, as it contains nitro glycerine, Greek fire, gun cotton, and two live gorillas!" The box was not broken.

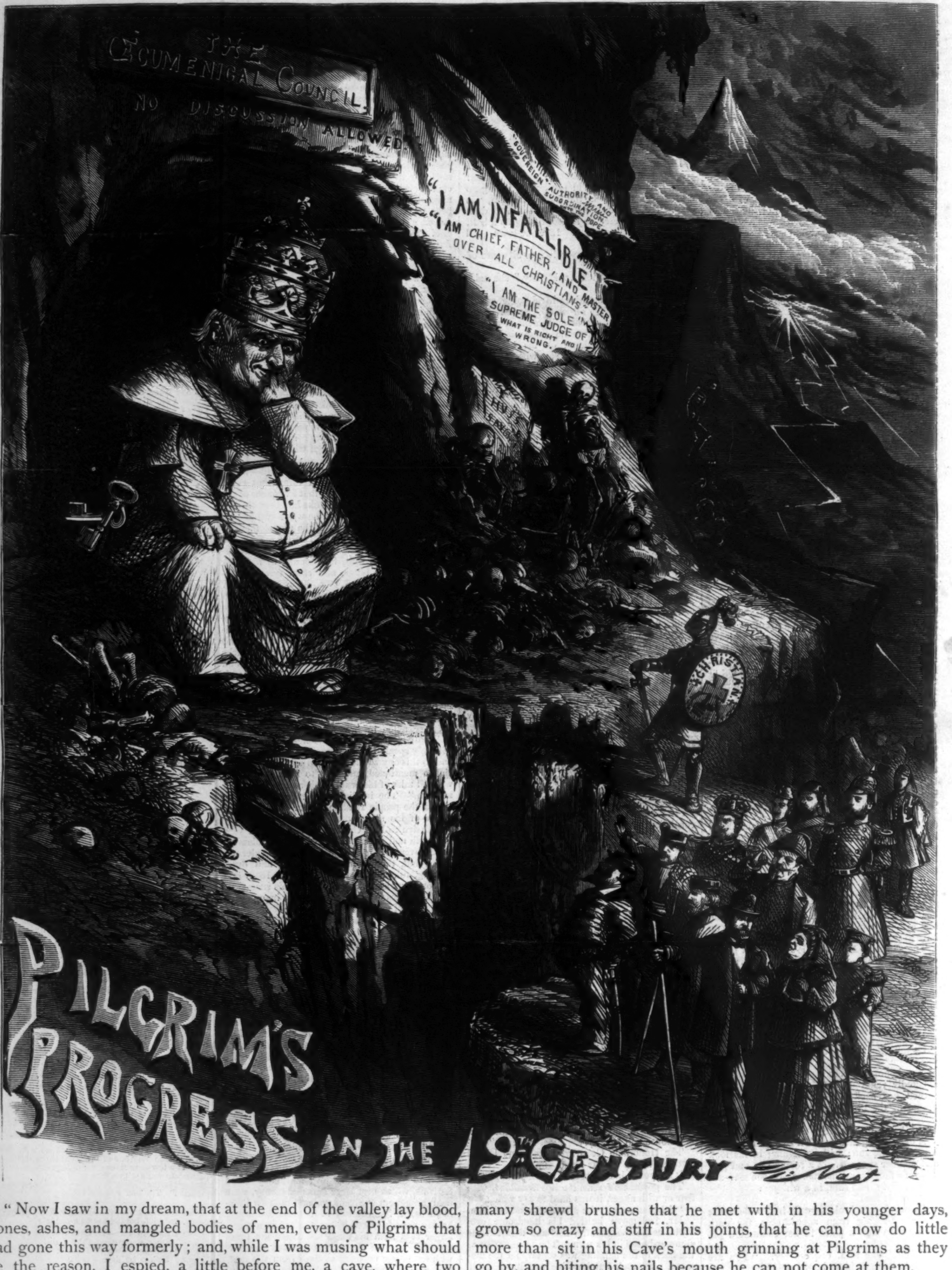
Lines taken from a hymn-book, which a young lady incautiously left behind her in a chapel:

I look in vain—he does not come;
Dear, dear, what shall I do!
I can not listen as I ought
Unless he listens too!

He might have come as well as not!
What plagues these fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking a cigar!

The following is the latest marriage ceremony as suggested for *mariages de convenance:* Priest to bridegroom, aged sixty—"Do you marry this woman under any delusion?" "No." "Are you bald?" "Yes." "Any teeth?" "No." "Do you wear flannel?" "Yes." "You believe in rheumatism and have faith in gout?" "Yes." "You are utterly bored and incapable of being amused?" "Yes." "You care for nobody but yourself?" "Certainly not." "Not for your bride?" "Naturally not." "Very good; then you two are united in the name of the law. Make her happy, as she will others."

An old tobacco chewer finds that the Bible sustains his favorite habit. He quotes: He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.


THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.
NO DISCUSSION ALLOWED.
"SOVEREIGN" AUTHORITY AND SUBORDINATION INTO THE POPE
"I AM INFALLIBLE"
"I AM CHIEF, FATHER, AND MASTER OVER ALL CHRISTIANS."
"I AM THE SOLE SUPREME JUDGE OF WHAT IS RIGHT AND WRONG."
HUSS
CHRISTIAN
Th. Nast

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN THE 19TH CENTURY

"Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of Pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and, while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied, a little before me, a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time, by whose power and tyranny the men, whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. By this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered: but I have learned since, that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his Cave's mouth grinning at Pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he can not come at them.

"So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet, at the sight of the Old Man that sat in the mouth of the Cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spoke to him, though he could not go after him, saying, 'You will never mend till more of you be burnt!' but he held his peace, and set a good face on it, and so went by, and catched no hurt."—BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress.*

"The governments of Europe which recognize the Roman Catholic Church as the State Church, generally expect that the Council will take some new action on questions directly affecting the relation of the Church to the State, and that claims will be asserted which not a single government is likely to accept or officially to recognize."—*Daily Papers.*

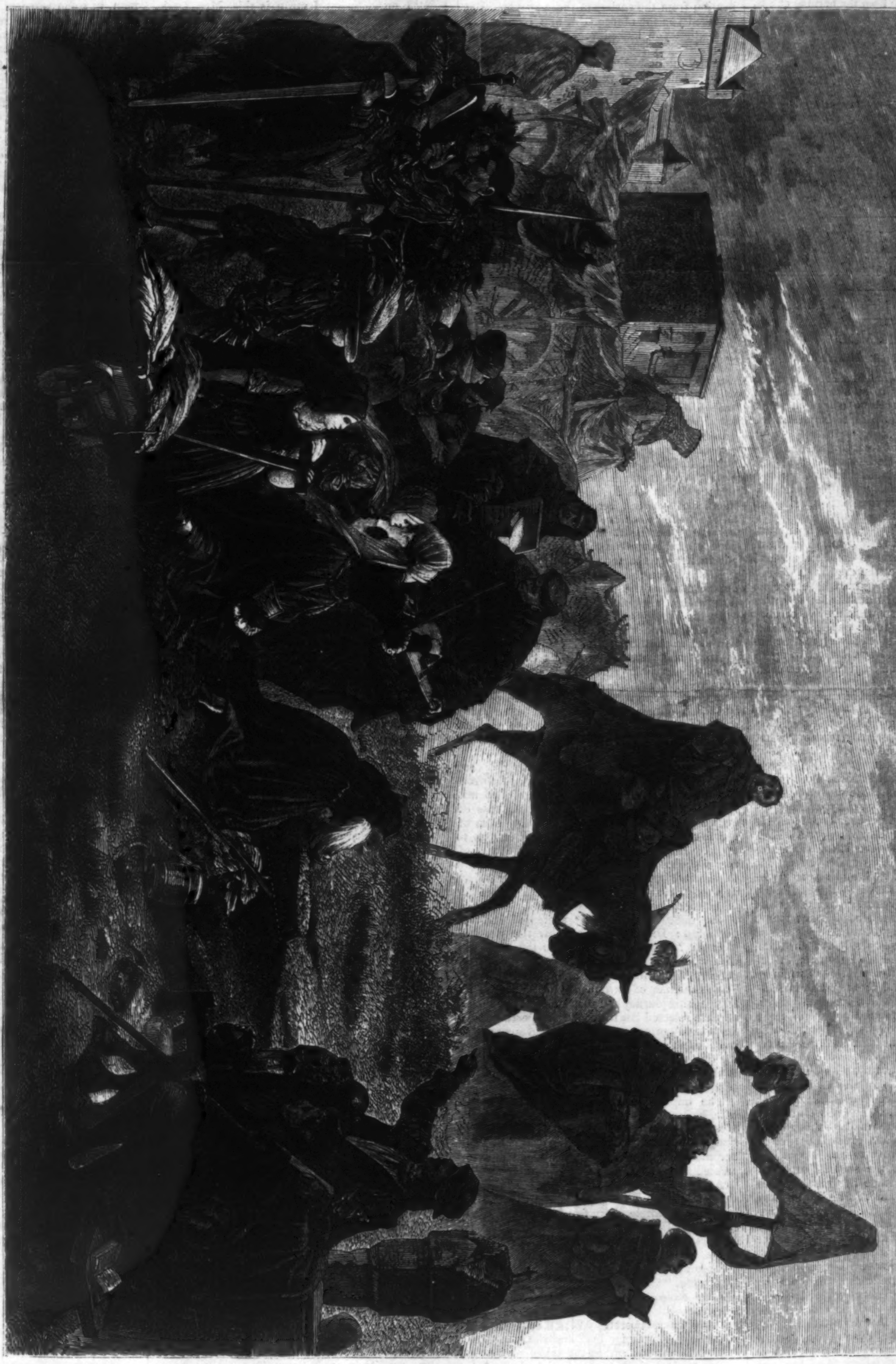
THE SALE OF INDULGENCES.

ABOUT three centuries and a half ago Pope LEO X., finding himself in rather straitened circumstances, and unable, in consequence, to gratify his luxurious tastes, resolved to replenish his exhausted purse by the sale of indulgences for sins on a scale never ventured on before, veiling the true reason for this step under the pretext that funds were wanted to complete the church of St. Peter, at Rome. Three head-commissioners were appointed to superintend the business in different parts of Europe, with a host of subordinates to work under their direction among the people. One of these subordinates, TETZEL by name, soon achieved an unenviable notoriety by the shameless manner in which he drove his corrupting traffic among the German peasantry. He must have been corrupt, indeed, to surpass his fellows in wickedness. All vied with each other in shameless wit and scandal. MENZEL relates, in his "History of Germany," that a monk, by the name of ISELIN, carried about with him a feather which he declared had been plucked from the wing of the Archangel Michael! Having had the misfortune to lose this at the village of Aldingen, he procured a handful of hay from the tavern barn, and gave out that it came from the stall in which the infant JESUS was cradled at Nazareth. Among the people who pressed about him was the hostess of the inn, who kneeled and kissed her own hay as a precious relic. Another seller of indulgences exclaimed to a crowd of listeners at Baden: *Ecce volant!*—(See, they fly!)—pointing to a cloud of feathers thrown out of the church-tower by a confederate, which he assured the gaping crowd were souls released from purgatory.

Indulgences were granted for the commission of the worst of crimes. By the present of a magnificent horse an officer procured indulgence not only for himself but for a band of five hundred soldiers under his command. TETZEL himself carried about with him a picture representing the Prince of Darkness torturing souls in the lake of fire; and had a couplet engraved on his money-box, setting forth that, as soon as the chink of the coin was heard inside, the soul for whom it was paid was released from torment. He became so lost to shame that he would sell indulgences for the commission of murder, or any other capital crime, for any sum he could squeeze out of a customer. But his popularity was of short duration. The Imperial Government took alarm at the constant outflow of money from Germany into the papal coffers; and decreed that two-thirds of the immense sums raised by the sale of indulgences should be retained to assist in defraying the expense of campaigns against the Turks. The common people also, who, fortunately for the interests of morality and religion, were far better than the priesthood of the time, soon learned to regard TETZEL and his fellows with dislike and suspicion; and even before LUTHER's open exposure of his wickedness his influence among them was rapidly declining.

TETZEL, it would seem, had overacted his part, and brought himself into disgrace with his superiors. The infamy of his proceedings at length became so notorious that a commissioner was sent from Rome to examine into his conduct. Dreading the inquiry, TETZEL refused to appear when summoned before the commissioner at Altenburg, on the ground that he had been warned against the adherents of LUTHER at that place; but afterward, at Augsburg, he was subjected to a rigid examination by the commissioner, by whom he was severely reprimanded for his immorality, threatened with the displeasure of the Holy Father, and with expulsion from his order. The commissioner appears to have been horror-struck with the results of his investigation. He wrote to a friend that he had detected TETZEL in many immoralities, and should report him at Rome for censure. This was in 1518. TETZEL immediately sought refuge in flight. His terror brought upon him a severe illness, from which he never recovered. He died the following year in the Dominican cloister at Leipsic.

Our engraving, from a picture by Professor HÆBERLIN, of Stuttgart, represents the monk TETZEL in the heyday of his popularity. A group of soldiers are studying the license they have just bought. Peasant women press toward him for the coveted indulgence which money alone can procure, or to purchase the release of some departed soul from purgatory. The very beggars hail his approach; for TETZEL's wares cost him nothing, and he will gauge his price to the condition of the purchaser. The picture derives additional interest from the fact that, in view of the meeting of the Œcumenical Council at Rome on the 8th of December, the Pope has this year decreed an indulgence in the form of a jubilee, promising plenary indulgence and remission of sins to all the faithful who shall recite, in designated places before the meeting of the Council, a certain number of prayers "for the conversion of souls, and the peace, tranquillity, and triumph of the Roman Catholic Church."



THE SALE OF INDULGENCES BY TETZEL.—[FROM A PAINTING BY PROFESSOR HÆBERLIN, STUTTGART.]

IN THE FALL.

The old autumnal stillness holds the wood;
Thin mist of autumn makes the day a dream;
And country sounds fall faint, half understood
And half unheeded, as to sick men seem
The voices of their friends when death is near,
And earth grows vaguer to the tired ear.

At soft gray dawns and softer evening ends
The air is echoless and dull with dews;
And leaves hang loose, and whosoever wends
His way through woods is 'ware of altered hues
And alien tints; and oft with hollow sound
The chestnut husk falls rattling to the ground.

Now comes the faint warm smell of fresh-built ricks,
And empty fields look up at empty skies,
And smoke floats sidelong from the burning quicks,
And low across the stunted stubble flies
The whirring covey, till its wings have grown
A murmur—then, a memory alone.

Now, haply on some sunless afternoon
When brooding winds are whisp'ring to the leaves,
Shrill twitter'd half-notes fill the air, and soon
From farm-house thatch and cozy cottage eaves
The circ'ling swallows call their eager brood
And straight fly south, by unseen summers woo'd.

A certain sadness claims these autumn days—
A sadness sweeter to the poet's heart
Than all the full-fed joys and lavish rays
Of riper suns: old wounds, old woes, depart;
Life calls a truce, and nature seems to keep
Herself a-hush to watch the world asleep.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book II.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUGH WILL NOT BE AMBITIOUS.

ABOUT the middle of June Mr. Frost departed for Italy. He was only to be away a fortnight at first. He would then return to London; and, if all went well, would go back to Naples in the autumn.

He had been to Gower Street several times before leaving England. He had spoken to Hugh about his prospects, and had said that if matters succeeded with the company who were employing him he should be able to offer Hugh a splendid chance of distinguishing himself.

"But," said Hugh, "this great company will have a great architect of their own. There will be subordinates, of course, to do the drudgery, and the big man will get the credit. I do not say that that is unfair. Big men have to earn their bigness, mostly, and I am the last fellow in the world to grudge them what they've earned. Besides, I do not want to be wandering about the Continent. I have served my apprenticeship and learned my trade, and now I want to try to make a home for myself and a place in the world. I am not ambitious—"

"A man ought to be ambitious," said Mr. Frost.

"There might be a good deal to be said on that subject. But at all events, a man ought not to say he is ambitious if he isn't."

His mother and Mr. Frost succeeded, however, in persuading Hugh to remain some months longer in his present position. He was engaged by Digby and West at a weekly salary, and no permanent arrangement had yet been come to. He would let things go on as they were for a while.

Zillah had gained a reprieve, but her anxieties remained active. At the best, she had trouble before her. If all went well, and her money—Hugh's money—were restored by the end of the year, it would still devolve on her to give her son some explanation as to this accession of fortune.

Her son's love and respect were very precious to her: even as her husband's had been. She knew that Hugh inherited his father's stern hatred of deception. What would he say when he knew that his mother had concealed so important a matter—and one which he surely had a right to be made acquainted with—all these years? And if he asked her, "Mother, *why* have you done this?" how should she answer him?

She was a woman of acute and observant intelligence in most cases. In all that concerned her only son she was, of course, peculiarly quick to see and to understand. She knew that Hugh had fallen in love, and that his love was not the light, boyish fancy that Mr. Frost had tried to persuade her it would prove to be. Hugh had said no word to her on the subject, but there needed no word to convince her that she was right. And she liked Maud. She did not love her. She was not clingingly affectionate by nature, and all the love in her heart was absorbed by her son. But she had a kindly regard for the girl. She admired and approved her. She was not grudging or unjust because this stranger with the deep blue eyes and golden hair had become paramount in Hugh's thoughts. She knew him to be steadfast and true; and she was well assured that neither lover nor wife would push herself from her due place in her son's love and respect. But as she watched Hugh's growing love for Maud, the thought of falling from her own high honorable place in his regard became more and more painful and intolerable to her. Hugh had implicit faith in his mother's purity and goodness. She was his high model of womanhood; and he had often said to her, "I only hope my wife may be as good as my mother! I can't wish for any thing better." But could he still say so when he knew—?

There was a little human jealousy within her breast which made her feel that to humble herself now before Hugh, and say to him, "My son, I have sinned. Forgive me!" would be to yield to that other woman whom he loved a too absolute supremacy; to abdicate in her favor the sole pride and glory of her life. She did not hate Maud for stealing Hugh's heart. The wife would be nearest and dearest; that she was resigned, if not content, to bear. *She* would still be his honored mother. But she thought she would come to hate Maud if Hugh ever were to diminish by one iota his tribute of filial reverence. And all this time Maud knew no more of the position she occupied in the thoughts of the mother and son than we any of us know of the place we hold in each other's minds.

After the party at Mr. Lovegrove's Maud had seriously begged her aunt not to take her out to any similar gathering again.

"I would not say this, dear Aunt Hilda," said Maud, "if I thought that *you* derived any gratification from the society of those people. But I watched you the other night, and I saw—I fancied—that you looked very weary and uninterested."

"Not uninterested as long as my pet was there. I like to see ye admired, Maud."

"Admired! Dear Aunt Hilda—"

"Well I know, I grant ye, that the folks there were not of the class you ought to associate with. And if I were but in my rightful and proper position, what a delight it would be for me to present ye to the world you were born to live in! But as to presenting, my dear child, sure how would I go to court in a street cab? and living in Gower Street! I don't say any thing against it, and some of the old family mansions are in drearier places; but, after all, you know, there would be a degree of incongruity about attempting to entertain, or any thing of that sort, in a lodging of this kind; and ye know, Maud, *he* barely allows me enough for the necessaries of life as it is. Some women would run him into debt. But I couldn't bring myself to do that—barring absolute necessity: not to mention that *I'd* have to bear all the bullying and annoyance, seeing that he's safe and comfortable away beyond seas!"

Maud endeavored to persuade her aunt that it was no feeling of pride which rendered her unwilling to go to the Lovegroves. She disclaimed such a sentiment with much warmth. No; it was simply that the people she met there were uncongenial to her. That might be partly her own fault, but the fact remained so.

Maud did not say that the anxiety of suspense about Veronica made it irksome to her to see strangers. It was a subject that could not be mentioned between her aunt and herself. But as the weeks wore on, and no answer came to her letter, her heart sank. She had scarcely been aware how strong a hope had sprung up within her on the receipt of Veronica's letter, until she began to measure the depth of her disappointment as the time rolled by and brought no further communication.

In the old days at Shipley Maud would have enjoyed the oddity and newness of the society she had met at the Lovegroves'. But now such enjoyment was impossible to her. She was conscious of nervously shrinking from a new face, of nervously dreading a chance-word which might touch on the still recent shame and sorrow that had befallen them all, as a wounded person starts away from the approach of even the gentlest hand lest it should lay itself unawares upon his hurt.

Mr. Frost's sudden mention of his proposed journey to Italy had disturbed her for this reason: though she told herself how absurd and weak it was to be so disturbed. Hundreds of people went to Italy, of course; many even of the few people she knew were likely enough to do so. But in the frequent silent direction of her thoughts toward Veronica she had grown to associate her entirely with the word "Italy," as though that country held but one figure for all men's observation!

The question persistently presented itself to her mind: Did Mr. Frost know the story of Veronica? Was he aware who the man was with whom she had fled?

Something a little forced and unnatural in Mr. Frost's manner of introducing the subject of his approaching journey had struck her. Why should he have selected her to speak to respecting Hugh Lockwood's prospects? Had he had any purpose in his mind of sounding her respecting her feeling toward Veronica, and had he chosen this excuse for giving her the information that he was bound for Italy?

The impossibility of discussing this matter with her aunt, and the necessity she was under of shutting herself up from the consolation of sympathy or companionship regarding it, made her morbidly sensitive. She brooded and tormented herself.

At last she took a resolution: she would speak to Mrs. Lockwood. That the latter had learned the whole story from her Aunt Hilda, she was well convinced. But even were that not so, Mrs. Lockwood would have heard it all from Hugh. Mr. Frost was the Lockwoods' old and intimate friend. Maud resolved to speak to Mrs. Lockwood. One afternoon after their early dinner she stole down stairs, leaving Lady Tallis asleep according to custom. Her tap at the parlor door was answered by Mrs. Lockwood's soft voice, saying, "Come in;" and she entered.

Mrs. Lockwood sat at the table, with an account-book before her. She looked, Maud thought, old and harassed.

"Do I disturb you, Mrs. Lockwood? Please say so, if I do; and I will take another opportunity—"

"You don't disturb me in the least, my dear Miss Desmond. I have just finished my accounts for the month. Do sit down and tell me what I can do for you. There is nothing the matter with my lady?" she added, hastily, looking at Maud's face.

"Nothing, nothing. Do not let me startle you. I wanted to take the liberty of speaking to you in confidence—may I?"

Mrs. Lockwood took off the spectacles she was wearing, passed her hands over her forehead and eyes, and answered, quietly, "Pray speak."

Her manner was not tender nor encouraging, nor even very cordial; but it nerved Maud better than a too great show of feeling would have done. In a few words she told Mrs. Lockwood what Mr. Frost had said to her at the Lovegroves' about his journey to Italy, and so forth.

"Now what I wanted to ask you was this," said Maud: "You know Mr. Frost well, and I do not; do you suppose he had any special motive in saying all this to me, a total stranger?"

"Any special motive?" repeated Mrs. Lockwood, reddening, and looking, for her, singularly embarrassed.

"I mean—what I mean is this, Mrs. Lockwood: the story of the great sorrow and affliction that has befallen the home that was my home from the time I was a little child until the other day, is known to you. I am afraid—that is, no doubt it is known to many, many other people. Is Mr. Frost one of those who know it? And did he mean to learn any thing or tell any thing about Veronica when he spoke to me of going to Italy?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Lockwood, drawing a long breath and then covering her mouth with one white, delicate hand. "You were not thinking of yourself, then, Miss Desmond?"

"Of myself? What could Mr. Frost's plans be to me, or why should he care that I should know them?"

"It was of Hugh he spoke, I thought."

"Ah, yes; but incidentally almost. He spoke to me as of something that it concerned *me* to know! I think of Veronica so constantly, and I am obliged to lock my thoughts up from Aunt Hilda so jealously, that perhaps I grow morbid. But I thought you would forgive my speaking to you."

"As to Mr. Frost, I can answer you in two words. He knows from the Lovegroves that you have left Mr. Levincourt's house because his daughter ran away under particularly painful circumstances. But if your aunt has been discreet" (it was a large "if," and Zillah plainly showed that she knew it was so), "neither the Lovegroves nor Mr. Frost know the name of the man she ran away with. It has been a subject of gossip, truly, but not in the circles of society where the Lovegroves move. Sir John Gale has lived so long out of England that he is almost forgotten."

"Thank you, Mrs. Lockwood," said Maud, absently.

"I infer from what you say that you have some reason to believe that your guardian's daughter is at present in Italy?"

"Oh yes, I forgot that you did not know. I—I had a letter from her."

Mrs. Lockwood raised her eyebrows and looked at Maud attentively.

"I know I can trust you not to mention this to my aunt. You understand how impossible it is for me to speak of Veronica to her. Aunt Hilda is kind and gentle, and yet, on that subject, she speaks with a harshness that is very painful to me."

"Lady Tallis has been infamously treated."

"You must understand, if you please, Mrs. Lockwood, that I have told Mr. Levincourt of my letter. It is only a secret from Aunt Hilda."

"You were very fond of this young lady?" said Zillah, with her eyes observantly fixed on Maud's changing face.

"Yes," answered Maud. Then the tears gathered to her eyes, and for the moment she could say no more.

"Your fondness has not been destroyed by this miserable business?" pursued Zillah.

Maud silently shook her head, and the tears fell faster.

"Would you see her and speak to her again if you could? Would you hold out your hand to her?"

Mrs. Lockwood, as she spoke, kept her mouth concealed beneath her hand, and her eyes on Maud's face.

Maud was aware of a certain constraint in the elder woman's tone. She thought it sounded disapproving, almost stern.

"Oh, Mrs. Lockwood," she cried, in much agitation, "do not judge her too hardly! You have such a lofty standard of duty; your son has told me how excellent your life has been; he is so proud of you. But do not be too hard on her. If the good have no pity for her, what will become of her? I do not defend her. She failed in her duty toward her father; but she has been most basely and cruelly deceived, I am sure of it!"

"Deceived by her great love and faith in this man?" said Zillah, unwaveringly preserving the same look and attitude.

Maud grew very pale, and drooped her head. "She—she—trusted him," she murmured.

Zillah removed her hand from her mouth, and, clasping both hands, rested them on the table before her. When her mouth was no longer concealed, she cast her eyes down, and ceased to look at Maud while she spoke.

"See now, Miss Desmond," said she, in her soft voice, "how unequally justice is meted out in this world! Once I knew a girl—little more than a child in years—very ignorant, very unprotected, and very confiding. She was not a handsome, haughty young lady, living in a respectable home. This girl's associates were all low, vile people. She was not by nature vicious or wicked, but she loved with her whole childish, inexperienced heart, and she fell. *She* was 'most basely and cruelly deceived'—I quote your words. It was neither vanity nor vainglory that led her astray—nothing but simple, blind, misplaced affection. Well, nobody pitied her, nobody cared for her, nobody helped her. If you, or any delicately nurtured young lady like you, had met her in the street, you would have drawn your garments away from the contamination of her touch."

"No, no, no! Indeed you wrong me! If I had known her story I should have pitied her from the bottom of my heart."

Zillah proceeded without heeding the interruption. "And all her sufferings—they were acute—I knew her very well—could not atone. Her fault (I use the word for want of a better. Where *fault* lay, God knows—perhaps He cares!)—"

"Oh, Mrs. Lockwood!"

"Do I shock you? That girl's fault pursued her through life—still pursues her—"

"Is she alive?"

"Alive? No; I think she is dead, that girl. Her ghost walks sometimes. But another woman, in some respects a very different woman, inherits her legacy of trouble and shame and sorrow. That seems hard. But if you tell me that all life is hard; that we are blind to what is our bane or what our good, or utter any other fatalist doctrine, I can understand the reason and sequence of it. But when you preach to me that 'Conduct makes fate,' that we reap as we sow, and so forth, I point to these two cases. The one an innocent—yes, an *innocent*—child; the other a well-educated, proud, beautiful, beloved young woman. The loving-hearted child is crushed and tortured and forsaken. The—forgive me, but I speak what you *know* to be true—the selfish, vain, arrogant, ambitious lady commits the same sin against the world, and is rich, petted, and pampered. The rough places are made smooth for her feet. People cry 'How sad! A lady! The daughter of a clergyman!' Her friends hold out their hands to take her back. Even you—a pure, fresh, young creature like you—are ready to mourn over her, and to forgive and caress her with angelic sweetness and pity."

Maud could not help perceiving that Mrs. Lockwood was mentally visiting on Veronica the hard usage of the poor betrayed young girl she had spoken of. It seemed as though in proportion to the pity that she felt for that young girl, she grudged every pitying word that was bestowed on Veronica. Maud felt it very strange that it should be so; and she had almost a sense of guilt herself for having become aware of it. But her intellect was too clear for self-delusion, and, albeit most unwillingly, she could not but understand the spirit of Mrs. Lockwood's words, and be repulsed by it.

"I think—" said Maud, gently, and turning her pale face full on Mrs. Lockwood: "I am young and inexperienced, I know, but I do think that having loved one suffering person very much should make us tender to other sufferers."

"Sufferers!" repeated Mrs. Lockwood, with a cold contempt, and closed her mouth rigidly when she had spoken.

"Yes," answered Maud, firmly. The color rose very faintly in her cheek, and her blue eyes shone. "My unhappy friend is a sufferer. Not the less a sufferer because there is truth in some of the words you have applied to her. Pride and ambition do not soften such a fall as hers."

Again Maud could not help perceiving that Mrs. Lockwood was balancing Veronica's fate against the fate of the betrayed young girl: and that she derived a strange satisfaction from the suggestion that Veronica's haughty spirit could be tortured by humiliation.

"There would be a grain of something like justice in that," said Zillah, under her breath.

Maud withdrew with a pained feeling. Her mind had at first been relieved by the mere fact of uttering the name of one who dwelt so constantly in her thoughts. But Mrs. Lockwood's manner had so repulsed her that she inwardly resolved never again to approach the subject of Veronica's fate in speaking to her. But to her surprise the topic seemed to have a mysterious attraction for Mrs. Lockwood. Whenever she found herself alone with Maud she was sure, sooner or later, to come round to it.

Once she said, after a long pause of silence, during which her fingers were busied with needle-work and her eyes cast down on it, "If that poor young girl—she is dead now, you know—could have had a friend like you, Miss Desmond, years and years ago, it might have gone differently with her. It would have given her courage to know that such a pure-hearted woman pitied rather than blamed her."

"I should think all honest hearts must be filled with compassion at her story," answered Maud, in a low voice.

"Do you think a man's heart would be? Do you think that, for instance, my—my son's would be?"

"Surely! Can you doubt it?"

"Poor girl! She was so ignorant of the world! She knew there was a great gulf between her and such as you are. She had never lived with good people. They were as distant from her as the inhabitants of the moon might be. If she had had a friend like you, Miss Desmond, that poor girl who is dead, it would have given her courage, and it might have gone differently with her."

GOVERNMENT AMONG HORSES.

WHEN left to themselves, however well domesticated horses may have been while in a state of servitude, a rapid return to savage wildness characterizes their unrestrained freedom. But a regular form of government is soon developed, even with a small number of individuals, which assumes marked proportions and exactness as the colony multiplies. As among men, one male gains an ascendency over all the others, and by general consent becomes commander-in-chief. A large, powerful stallion is at the head of affairs, which he retains even to old age, notwithstanding the hot blood, spirit, and magnificent muscularity of large numbers of young stallions, whose flowing manes and tails indicate the restlessness of their condition.

Another curious circumstance is this, viz., that the stallion in command for the time being is, with a few exceptions, the father of a large proportion of the whole troop. At his death a terrific conflict of heels decides who shall be the successor and controller of the harem.

On the vast plains of South America, it is a magnificent exhibition to see a noble old veteran stallion parade three and four thousand horses in line, and then, by a sign only known to wild horses, dismiss them for the day, when they scatter at all points to feed. That is a *stampede*, and hence the origin of that word.

THE PLIGHTED TROTH.

On the sands, the yellow sands,
Sat two lovers musingly,
Clasping tight each other's hands,
Sadly looking toward the sea.

"I must sail in yonder ship,"
Said the youth unto the maid;
"Ere to-morrow's sun shall dip,
From my sight, the shore will fade;

"But my heart with thee will dwell,
As it dwells by thee to-day,
And I only say farewell
To return and ever stay."

Then the maiden whispered low,
"I shall think of thee, dear love;
Joy may yet give place to woe,
Still my heart will constant prove."

* * * * * * * *

Years have come, and years have fled,
Since the lovers made their vow;
Fears arose and tears were shed—
But they are united now.

'Neath the ocean's ruthless wave,
Buried deep, the sailor lies;
O'er the maiden's grass-grown grave
Soft and low the night-wind sighs.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SUNDAY has not been generally observed in France by a complete cessation from labor. But now the working-classes desire to have an entire holiday, and some decisive measures are being taken to secure this object. The newspaper compositors of Havre signed an agreement not to work on Sunday after the beginning of November; and it is said that compositors of Paris and other cities of France will do the same. Mechanics, clerks, and laborers in general favor the movement, which is warmly approved by the religious portion of the community.

The New York Society of Practical Engineers at a recent meeting discussed the subject of "Railway Disasters"—their causes, and the means of prevention. A properly-constructed compound rail, safety brakes, safety wheels and axles, properly-constructed cars, suitable care in signaling and telegraphing—these were some of the details considered. A new method of stopping a train by its own momentum was explained and recommended. It was remarked that the apathy of railroad companies was the great cause that prevented the adoption of efficient inventions for prevention of accidents. When the public really awakes to a thorough sense of the constant insecurity attendant on our traveling arrangements, remedies will be devised.

On Wednesday of last week the bronze statue erected over the Hudson River Railroad Dépôt, in honor of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. A large number of invited guests were present, and the prominent exercises were a prayer by Bishop Janes, an address by Mayor Hall, and a poem written for the occasion by William Ross Wallace. This work of art, which has before been described in detail to our readers, covers an area of 3125 square feet, measures about 150 feet in a straight line, and 31 feet in extreme height; weighs nearly 100,000 pounds, and cost over $500,000. The statue itself is placed in the centre of a colossal bass-relief, which ingeniously illustrates the achievements of Vanderbilt, in connection with remarkable inventions of the present century, and also allegorically portrays the growth and prosperity of our Republic. Commodore Vanderbilt, the President of the New York Central and the Hudson River railroads, has been most successful in accumulating wealth; but this tribute to him is not a mere act of homage to immense riches. The remarkable traits of character which have made him a prominent man of the age are worthy of cultivation in young and old; and this memorial will serve to remind all that energy and perseverance seldom go unrewarded.

Certain English students are carrying their spirit of experimental investigation a trifle too far. At Rossall College, in North Lancashire, one of the collegians, Hogan by name, was observed to put something into a sugar-basin at breakfast-time, and shortly afterward to make tender inquiries after the health of Mr. Sleip, a master connected with the establishment, who, fortunately, had left the sugar-basin untouched, for on examination it was found to contain arsenic. Mr. Hogan declared that he only put the arsenic into the sugar out of curiosity, that he wanted to make an experiment, and considered Mr. Sleip the likeliest person to operate upon; it further appeared that he had more arsenic in his possession. Under these circumstances the authorities of the college permitted young Mr. Hogan's father to take him away from the establishment.

Outside of Utah, with its resident population of about 150,000, New York city is probably the greatest centre of Mormon operations. Here is the grand dépôt of their emigration department; and Mormon agents and elders are constantly passing through the city on business of various kinds. Moreover, there is a regularly organized Mormon Branch Church in Williamsburg, which is, however, only a mere resting-place for a few stationary saints, who are abiding here chiefly for the purpose of assisting those converts who require aid before they can leave for headquarters. Scattered throughout various parts of Europe are Mormon "Conferences," comprising about 15,000 persons. Converts are added from time to time, and when a company is ready to emigrate it is taken in charge by one of Brigham Young's agents, and brought directly to New York.

Dr. Joseph Jones, Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, estimates that the grand total of deaths in the Southern army during the entire war did not fall short of 200,000.

Somebody has made the distressing discovery that very few college-graduates marry, and proposes that undergraduates marry to remedy the difficulty. It is said that one-fourth of the graduates of Yale have never married.

"Be kind enough, my dear cousin," said the Emperor to Prince Napoleon the other day, "to walk into my private cabinet. It will detain you only a short period, and I desire much to have a conversation with you." The Prince entered the cabinet, but the door remained ajar. Some dispatches were just then brought to the Emperor, and he waited to read them, after which he said to the Minister, "Eh, bien! Monsieur, and what other news have you got for me today?" "Ah, sire," said the Minister, "Paris is excited about the extraordinary speech which his Imperial Highness has made to the Senate. It is revolutionary in its character, and injurious to the dynasty." The Emperor remaining silent, he continued: "What a pity that you did not send the Prince to Mexico in the place of your harmless Maximilian, who was the best friend of France! The Mexicans would have delivered you, by this time, from the most dangerous enemy living." "Pst!" said the Emperor, winking with his half-closed eyes toward the door of the cabinet where the Prince waited. It was too late. Prince Napoleon suddenly appeared at the door. With a strange, half-furious, half-sarcastic look, he measured the Minister with a sweep of his piercing eyes, bowed low to him, and stepped back again into the cabinet. The Minister was struck dumb with astonishment and terror, while the Emperor, without saying a word, quietly continued to turn his cigarette between his fingers. Such is a bit of Paris gossip, the like of which is continually floating through that great metropolis.

What a catch was that! A fisherman of Montereau, France, captured a fish not long ago which was found to contain a magnificent breast-pin, ornamented with thirty precious stones—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds of extraordinary beauty. The breast-pin is valued by Paris jewelers at the fabulous sum of $300,000.

George Peabody was strongly opposed to fraud in little matters as well as large ones. The conductor on an English railway once overcharged him a shilling for fare. He made complaint to the directors, and had the man discharged. "Not," said he, "that I could not afford to pay the shilling, but the man was cheating many travelers to whom the swindle would be oppressive." It is related of him that about twenty-five years ago he was so much pleased with an American lady visiting London that he offered her his hand and fortune, which were accepted. Learning a short time afterward that she was already engaged—a fact of which she had kept him in ignorance—he rebuked her lack of sincerity, and broke off the engagement.

It is a significant fact that in answer to a recent advertisement in one of the morning papers for a night-watchman no less than one thousand applications were received. Is this an index of the number who are destitute of employment?

The *Lancet* treats the subject of rowing at length, showing that instead of the back being the oarsman's strong member, the power of his stroke is given by the great muscles of the buttock, the *glutei* of the anatomist. According to this authority, the rowing action is composed of two movements. The first is the erection of the trunk from its stooping to a perpendicular position; and this is done, not by the *erector spinæ*, but by those powerful cords above-named, which we use whenever we raise ourselves from the sitting to the standing posture. The second movement is the work of the biceps and its assisting muscles, by which the arm is bent at the elbow joint to something less than a right angle. Upon the question whether the body should be straightened and the arm bent simultaneously or consecutively, authorities differ. Although time is gained by doing two things at once, the *Lancet* is of opinion that the physical force of the body is hampered by the double action; and that the *glutei*, which do the heavy work, will contract with greater force and freedom, if they act singly and alone, than if they divide the available power of the body with the brachial muscles.

The Wall Street brokers, in a spirit of fun and mischief, unveiled a burlesque statue at the same hour when the genuine bronze memorial of Commodore Vanderbilt was receiving due honors. The Stock Exchange was the scene of the wildest merriment during the ludicrous ceremony. The first orator was interrupted in the very beginning of his speech by a facetious broker who presented a bouquet of cabbages, which was acknowledged with the grace of a prima donna. Humorous allusions to the "Railroad King" and his doings raised many merry shouts, and the programme included the singing of sundry jolly songs. The whole affair closed with an expression of the greatest good feeling toward the Commodore.

Since the withdrawal of Père Hyacinthe from the order to which he belongs, it is forbidden to the barefooted Carmelites to preach in public.

M. Catacazy, the new Minister from Russia to the United States, was born in Athens, his father being at that time the representative from Russia at the court of Greece. It is said that he succeeded in obtaining the appointment to the post of Minister to the United States in spite of the Emperor, with whom he is no favorite, through the influence of Prince Gortschakoff. He is a man of intelligence and eloquence, and possesses in a marked degree the peculiar characteristics of the Russians.

The grandfather of the late Lord Derby originated the great race called the Derby. His father was the principal sporting peer of his day, and continued on the turf up to the time of his death, which occurred at the age of eighty. The late Earl owned many valuable horses, and his death is an event in the sporting world. The family seat at Knowsley, in Lancashire, has had a race-horse breeding stud on it for a century, and many distinguished horses have been bred there.

Sainte-Beuve, the celebrated critic, never fought but one duel. He quarreled once with a Mr. Dubois, and a meeting was appointed. Sainte-Beuve arrived on the ground with an ancient flint-lock pistol and an umbrella; and as it began to rain, he at once unfurled the latter implement. His adversary and the seconds vehemently protested, but Sainte-Beuve declared that he had no objection to being killed, but he did not intend to get wet. So the duel went on, Sainte-Beuve holding up his umbrella all the time. Four shots were exchanged without injury to either combatant.

The pleasant ways in which a scrupulously regulated diet affects the physical as well as the moral man are infinite. A certain philosopher found that when he ate moderately, and had brought himself into sound health, the same shoes were easy which had been tight. He studied a pair of shoes. He had a pair rather smaller than usual, which afforded him the opportunity of making his observations with great accuracy. Having purposely tried excess of diet, he found them so painful as to be unbearable on the feet. But they were perfectly easy and comfortable when he ate only that happy quantity—enough. He traces even corns to indigestion.

The Kansas Agricultural College has just appointed a new Professor of Horticulture—Miss Mary Hovey. This is a new field for woman's labors; but doubtless there are some who can manage it well and gracefully. We trust Miss Hovey's gardens will blossom luxuriantly.

Dean Stanley records in his "History of Westminster Abbey" a wild legend, yet one precious to those who love the Sabbath, as showing how sacred the Lord's day was held in the worst ages of the church, and in times long antecedent to the fall of Popery and the rise of Puritanism. The Abbey was consecrated, so the legend runs, by a celestial being. The time of his appearance was a Sunday evening, and his form that of a man. He was ferried across the Thames by a fisherman whom he found engaged fishing for salmon. So soon as he stepped from the boat to the bank where the Abbey stood, the whole sky burst into a blaze of light, and the astonished fisherman, resting on his oars, saw a great multitude of angels descending, each carrying a lighted candle. Attended by this brilliant train, the celestial being consecrated the House of God. When the ceremony was over he returned by the way he came, but not till, along with an injunction that the Thames should pay tithe of salmon to the monks, he warned his ferryman to abstain henceforth from fishing on the Lord's day.

THE NEW OVER-COAT.

IT was Christmas-day, but the festivities of that occasion scarcely existed for the Harford family. The mother had done her best to make it seem like Christmas; but her drunken husband had just slammed the door behind him, while she, her face flushed with a blow, turned to her boy, Fred, who had sunk down by the fireside, and given himself up to melancholy thoughts.

While sitting thus, Fred formed a resolution. He would go to the city and find employment; he would be sober and industrious, and afford that help and comfort to his poor mother which she could look for from no other source.

Fred carried out his determination. Two years passed by, and he was to come home to spend Christmas. It was early in the morning when he reached home, and proceeded to wake his mother in a novel manner. He commenced one of their old familiar carols, which he had many a time sung with the little ones at home. Not a jot cared he whether he awoke the whole neighborhood or not with his resonant tenor voice, so that he awoke his mother, and so that she recognized his voice. That was all he cared for. But Mrs. Harford was already awake. Thoughts of her boy had made her sleepless, and she had heard the swift footsteps clanging down the streets, and then stop suddenly at her door, when the singing began; and altogether it made her heart leap, for she fancied she knew the step, and how well she knew the carol! But the voice? It might be her boy's, but if so, how changed—how deep and manly! A knock followed the carol, during the singing of which she had hastily dressed herself, tumbling over herself almost in her haste, and making a noise which awoke the children in the next room, though it did not wake her husband. He was sleeping off a drunken fit, and it would have taken something a little less noisy than booming cannon to arouse him.

In a moment she was at the door, and mother and son were in each other's arms. After a long embrace she stood away to look him up and down, and after a fond survey, she said, "How you are grown, Fred! and how well you look! and how well-to-do in that great-coat: it makes you look quite the gentleman!"

"It's a real treasure, mother," said Fred; "and doesn't it keep the cold out!"

"I should think so," said the mother, laying her hand upon it appreciatively. "It's a beautiful thick cloth, Fred. How did you manage to get it out of your small earnings, after what you've sent me? I'm sure I've been afraid that you did not leave yourself a penny scarcely."

"You needn't have been afraid, mother. Why, I've got a watch, too! look here. I gave fifty shillings for it."

"La, Fred! how ever did you manage it?"

"I'll tell you by-and-by, mother. Now please help me off with my great-coat; for my hands have got the frost in them to-night. I had half a mind to bring this coat for father. But then, thinks I, it would soon be lodged at uncle's—easy come, easy go, you know—so I decided rather to tell father how to get one as I got this: he'll prize it all the more for getting it so."

How merrily the breakfast-time passed, and what a happy day they hoped to spend! The sunshine was come into the house at last; it lighted up the faces of the sad mother and her children, and made all bright. Toward nine o'clock the merry hubbub in the house awoke Mr. Harford; and learning that Fred was come, he set himself to the dreaded task of getting up.

Presently the church-bells began to chime, and Fred proposed that they should go to their house of worship. "I shall be glad to see the familiar old place again," he said. All the children wanted to go with Fred, and he wanted his father to go too. He refused quite decidedly at first; it was out of the question, he said, and he never went to church now. "All the more reason why you should go to-day, father," urged Fred.

"But I've got nothing fit to put on," said the father.

"Yes, you have," said the wife; "your best coat is up stairs."

"How came it there?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Never mind about that now," said Mrs. Harford; "but just go and make yourself spruce, and go out with Fred this once. We may never meet together on a Christmas-day again, you know."

"Look at Fred's coat—what a beauty!" cried Susie, as Fred took it from a peg behind the door.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you were getting on in the world," said his father. "How did you manage to get that and your watch too?"

"You must know I haven't spent a farthing of my wages on them," said Fred.

"Then how in the world did you get them?"

"The price of half a pint of beer a day for nearly three years got these for me," said Fred. "All the fellows at our place are allowed half a pint a day. I told master that I'd rather not have any, and if he liked to make me any allowance for my not having it, he might; or I'd just leave it, and say nothing about an allowance. He said he liked to encourage young fellows to be abstainers, and allowed me three half-pence a day. That has been faithfully given me for about two years and nine months, and has been something like six pounds five shillings in my pocket. With that, you see, I have been well able to buy my watch and coat, and to send home some little Christmas gifts last year, as well as to bring these."

"Who'd ever ha' thought that three half-pence a day saved would have run up to that in less than three years?" said Mr. Harford, thinking dolefully of the many pence, and not only pence, but sixpences, he had spent day after day during that time and for years before—sixpences that made many pounds, which would have bought him coats, watch, and perhaps a house too—so many had he squandered. Ned was trying to do a sum of the same kind in mental arithmetic, though with lower figures than those which came to his father's mind; and both began a series of self-reproachings, and both felt that they had been foolish in the highest degree.

"You did well—you did well, Fred," said his father, with a sigh.

Then Mr. Harford and his children went to church. When they returned Mrs. Harford seemed much surprised to see her husband returning with the rest; and she bustled about with a glad heart to get her Christmas dinner, just as in the happy days of long, long ago.

Mr. Harford managed to eat a pretty good meal, and felt the better for it. When it was over, and oranges and other good things brought by Fred were being discussed, his listless air quite passed away, and he playfully helped the children to make wonderful things with orange-peel. By-and-by he leaned back in his chair, and said, "I can't believe it's me sitting here at home like this—something like the poor fellow as our parson was reading of this morning, as was sitting 'clothed, and in his right mind.'"

"Ah, it does me good to see you," said his wife, with glistening eyes.

He looked down at his coat to avoid her glance, and said, "This may look tidy, missis, but it don't keep the cold out; I was regular nipped coming home from chapel."

"You ought to have a great-coat like Fred's," she replied. "You might easy get one, as he did, afore next winter."

"What! save three half-pence a day? 'Course I could, and I'll begin," he said.

"But I did something more than that, father," said Fred. "If I hadn't, I might just have gone on saving for a month or two, and then let it all go."

"What did you do?"

"Why, I just kept right away from the public houses. They're the places to keep one from having a coat to one's back; they strip you, if you frequent them; but they'll never clothe you. You'll begin to save three half-pence a day for a great-coat, father, as you say; but will you do the other thing? If you only would, I'll tell you what you'd get besides. Why, good boots, good hat, a watch in your pocket, clothes for the youngsters, good food and plenty of it, a comfortable, happy home and wife, health of body, and a clear and peaceful mind."

"Surely, surely!" chimed in Mrs. Harford, in a half-sad, half-hopeful tone.

"And only *one* thing robs you of all that, father. You know what it is, and how to conquer it, too; our minister told it all so beautifully this morning. God gives the victory over all evil, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Only we must not be still, and leave the fighting to our Captain; we must strive and struggle hard to overcome, relying on His help. You remember that he said all that, father?"

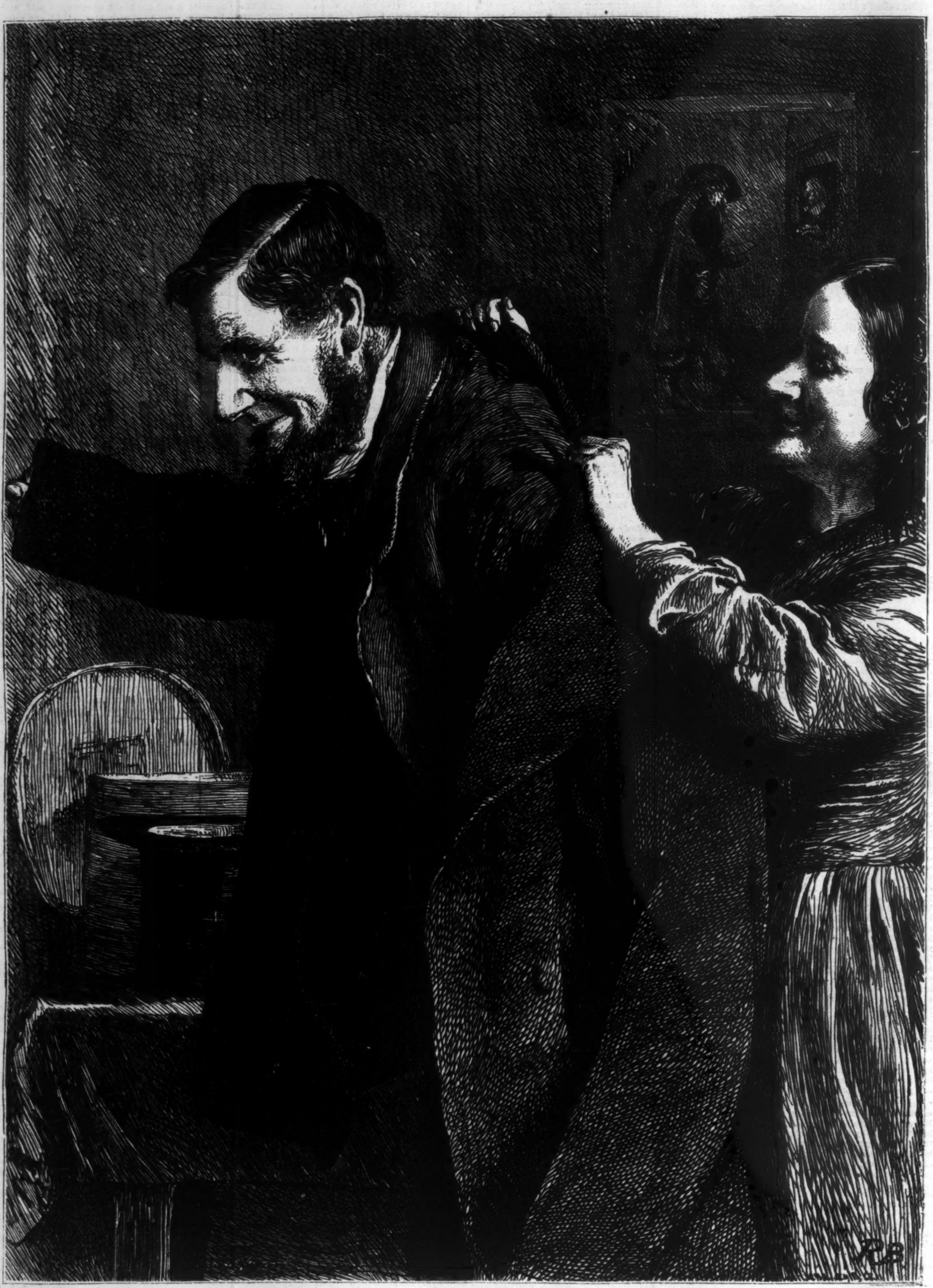
"Yes, I minded it well. It seemed all for me. I thought then, if I could only begin striving I might overcome. Others—hundreds and thousands of others—have fought against this cursed habit of drinking, and overcome it."

"So may you," said Mrs. Harford. "Why, you've begun already, James. Think! you haven't had a drop to-day! All you've got to do is just to go on as you've begun, that's all."

"That 'll be enough, I guess, as the days go on. Still, folks say as the first step is the hardest, and I've taken the first, you say?"

"Yes, yes."

"Ah, and I feel it too. Fred, my boy, if we all live till next Christmas we'll have a dinner of



THE NEW OVER-COAT.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

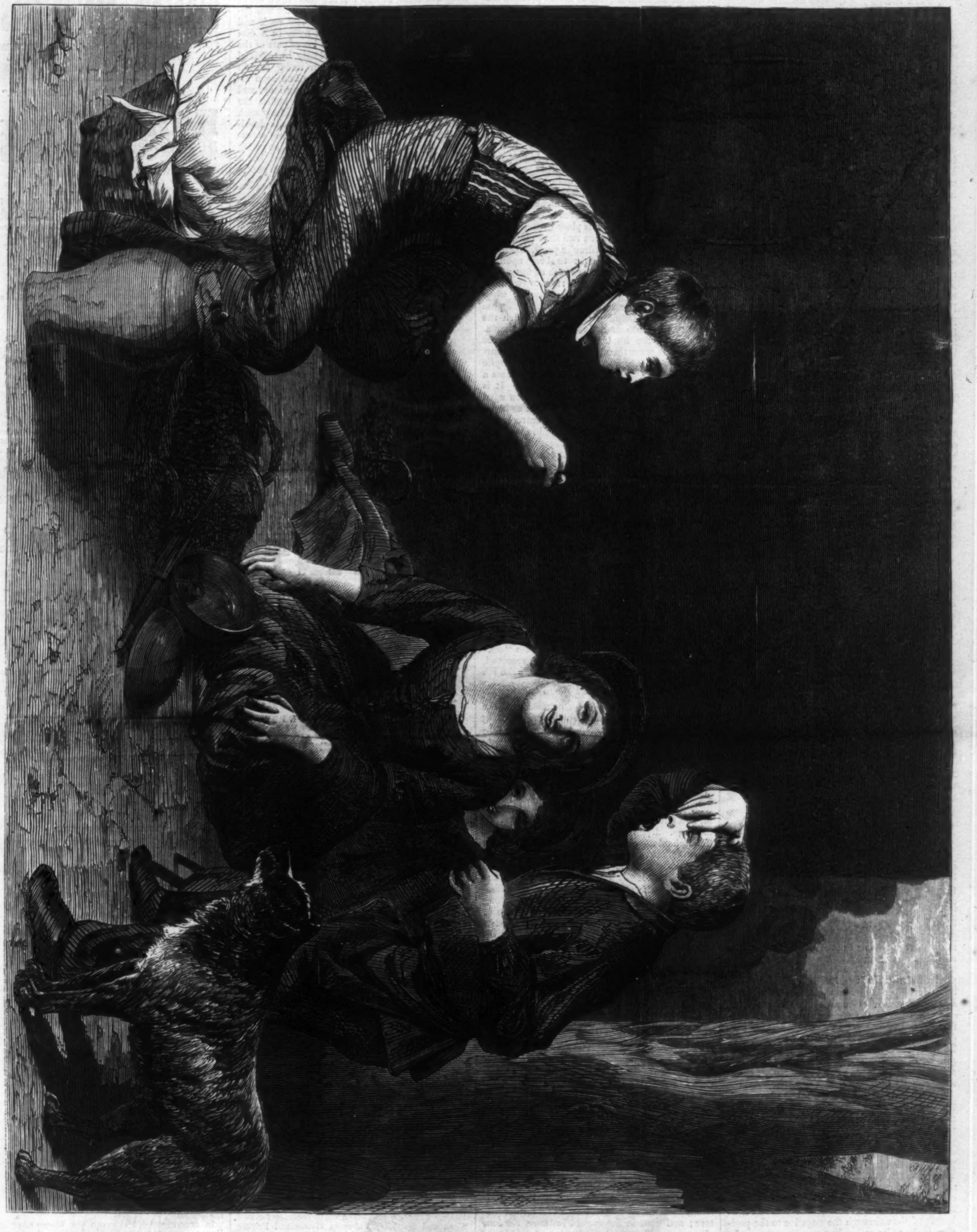
our own buying, please God, and not of yours; and if you come to see us, I'll have as respectable a great-coat on as you."

"And I too," said Ned, standing up very straight to give emphasis to his words. "No more o' *my* tin shall go into the publics, not if I know it. I knows a trick o' getting the value of it now, as I didn't think of afore I saw Fred's great-coat."

So, to make a long story short, it came to pass that Fred's great-coat was an instrument chosen to work quite a revolution in Harford's home. Did you ever know a man give in who commenced climbing upward and onward, with a strong determination, and relying upon God for strength and assistance? Never.

No, he did not give in; and the happy Christmas-day which they spent on the occasion of Fred's memorable visit was the first of a long series of happy ones. The sunshine that he brought did *not* fade away; it brightened and brightened into a perpetual glow of comfort and peace.

Fred did come home again on the following Christmas, and walked to chapel with his parents and brothers and sisters; but he was not the only one that went out of the house with a great-coat on his back that day; there were two others who had got them in the same way as he got his. He wore the same one that he had appeared in on his first visit. "It still looks almost as good as new," he said, "and I shall keep it tidy as I can. It has been the means of doing so much good that I have a sort of strong affection for my first great-coat which I could never have for any other."



"THE BUTT—SHOOTING A CHERRY."—[From a Painting by W. Mulready, R.A.]

"THE BUTT—SHOOTING A CHERRY."

Our illustration sufficiently explains its own meaning. At first sight of the subject the stickler for the dignity of art might complain at the triviality of the incident represented. But the subtle observation of the painter, his delightful geniality, and the exquisite finesse with which he has caught all that is most characteristically boylike in gesture and expression, raise the picture into a region of purest humor, infinitely higher than the vulgar, coarse, and often brutal comicality of many of the old Dutch masters. The painter, like the poet and novelist, who enlarges the range of our sympathies, deserves the gratitude of all human kind; and in the moral, as in the physical, world there are inexhaustible materials for wonder and pleasure, in the lowly as in the elevated. Besides, in the realm of boyhood may we not find many analogies full of suggestiveness with more advanced life? How often, for instance, do we not see "children of a larger growth," greedy for gain, ready to become the "butt" of all kinds of indignities for the sake of a chance advantage—like the butcher-boy in the picture? Look at him; how anxious he is to aid the marksman—how, for steadiness, he plants his feet wide asunder; how, to facilitate the aim, he protrudes his head and gapes his widest to catch the cherries! His eyes he protects with his fingers, but little he cares for the ridiculous smears on his cheeks from stray shots, which, of course, are more visible in the painting. Boylike, again, how totally oblivious in the excitement of the game are the urchins of the errands on which they were sent—the one for his orders, the other with his basket of linen. The fun affords unmixed enjoyment to the cherry-selling girls, for does not the sport entail a rapid consumption of their wares? The only individual of the group who entirely preserves his gravity is the dog, and that evidently because he is not quite sure whether he should not resent the mysterious liberties taken with his master. Of the picture itself—its admirable composition, its faultless drawing, consummate delicacy of handling, and brilliant, gem-like coloring—we need not speak; suffice it to say that it was executed at the zenith of the master's powers, as indicated by the date, 1848, of its exhibition at the Royal Academy—that is, two years after the exhibition of the famous "Choosing the Wedding Gown."

MOHAMMED'S PORTRAIT.

Mohammed was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His head was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair—slightly curled—flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Even in advanced age it was sprinkled by only about twenty gray hairs—produced by the agonies of his "Revelations." His face was oval-shaped, slightly tawny of color. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great, black, restless eyes shone out from under long heavy eyelashes. His nose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion "red and white," his hands were as "silk and satin"—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one "who steps from a high to a low place." In turning his face he would also turn his full body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. "Oh, my little son!" reads one tradition, "hadst thou seen him thou wouldest have said thou hadst seen a sun rising." "I," says another witness, "saw him in a moonlight night, and sometimes I looked at his beauty and sometimes looked at the moon, and his dress was striped with red, and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon."

In his habits he was extremely simple; though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even when he had reached the fullness of power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all "superfluities." The only luxuries he indulged in were, besides arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boots, a present from the Negus of Abyssinia. Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, being most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he abhorred.

His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain, he would sob and roar under it. Eminently unpractical in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy, and refinement of feeling. "He is more modest than a virgin behind her curtain," it was said of him. He was most indulgent to his inferiors, and would never allow his awkward little page to be scolded, whatever he did. Ten years, said Anas, his servant, was I about the prophet, and he never said as much as "Uff" to me. He was very affectionate toward his family. One of his boys died on his breast in the smoky house of the nurse, a blacksmith's wife. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the streets, and pat their little cheeks. He never struck any one in his life. The worst expression he ever made use of in conversation was, "What has come to him?—may his forehead be darkened with mud!" When asked to curse some one he replied, I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind. "He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clothes, milked his goats, and waited upon himself," relates summarily another tradition. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man's palm, and turned not before the other had turned. His hand, we read elsewhere—and traditions like these give a good index of what the Arabs expected their prophet to be—was the most generous, his breast the most courageous, his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him, they who described him would say, "I have never seen his like either before or after." He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke he spoke with emphasis and deliberation, and no one could ever forget what he said. He was, however, very nervous and restless withal, often low-spirited, downcast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through those broodings, become gay, talkative, jocular, chiefly among his own. He would then delight in telling amusing little stories, fairy tales, and the like. He would romp with the children and play with their toys—as, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the dolls his new baby-wife had brought into his house.

PHOTOGRAPHIC WONDERS.

SURELY light never will have revealed all its marvels! Every year, if not every day, it is telling us something which we had not known before, something calculated to excite our surprise and admiration.

Plates can now be engraved, and *are* engraved, for printing without any draughtsman and without any engraver. The thing has been done in more ways than one in past years, by a combination of photography with electrotyping—photography to produce the drawing, electrotype to produce the engraving; but now a method has been devised without any electric or galvanic agency whatever. Chemistry is the engraver, and chemistry in the very simple form of solution or dissolving. The process is not for producing a *sunk* engraving, such as the engraved lines of a steel plate, but a *raised* or *relief* engraving, such as a wood-cut block. Light, dissolution, and pressure; let us see how they respectively do their work.

The photographic picture is taken upon sensitized glass, just as in the ordinary *carte de visite*, producing a negative from which any number of positives may be taken. The picture may be a portrait, a landscape, a group of sculpture, an architectural façade, or what not—any thing, provided it assumes the form of a glass negative. The positives obtained from this are not upon sensitized paper, but upon a thin film of gelatine, combined with bichromate of ammonia. When light has been allowed to pass for a sufficient length of time through the negative to the positive, it shows its action in a peculiar way on the film; wherever the light is the strongest (as in the high lights of the picture), the film is rendered insoluble; wherever it is the weakest (as in the shadows), the film remains easily soluble; wherever it is intermediate (as in the half-tints), the gelatine becomes partially soluble. It is the bichromate of ammonia that renders the gelatine susceptible to these peculiar varieties of effect. We may add that the electric light now furnishes a wonderful aid in taking the positives, rendering the photographer independent of times and seasons, day and night, bright days and dull days.

We have, then, a positive picture, taken upon a film of gelatine containing bichromate of ammonia. This film being next placed in warm water, the substance dissolves away in the unequal degree just intimated; it becomes thinner in the parts least acted on by the light; the parts most acted on are scarcely dissolved at all; while the medium degrees of action produce medium degrees of dissolving or thinning. What is the total result? The film has become a sort of *bass-relief;* there is a picture of raised parts and depressed parts, owing to variations in the thickness of the film; and these variations are so beautifully graduated as to produce all the tints and half-tints from high lights to deep shadows.

The pressure, which next ensues, is not the least curious part of the operation. It seems scarcely conceivable that a thin film of gelatine will act as a mould to impress its inequalities upon a plate of metal; yet such it certainly does. A beautifully smooth metal sheet is prepared, consisting of lead alloyed with a little antimony; the alloy is nearly (but not quite) the same as stereotype metal; it has a nicely determined degree of hardness (or softness, whichever we like to call it), settled after a number of experimental trials. The gelatine film is placed upon the lead plate, and the two between two steel plates; the group is placed in an hydraulic press, where an intense pressure is brought to bear upon it. This pressure amounts to as much as forty tons, even for a small picture, and rises to two hundred tons (nearly half a million pounds) when the dimensions are large. We might suppose that this overwhelming force would crush the delicate film into undistinguishable fragments. Nothing of the kind. The protuberances or raised parts press themselves bodily into the surface of the lead, producing a sunken or *intaglio* effect in all the places where the film presents a raised or *cameo* effect, and *vice versa.* It is wonderful to see how perfect is this action upon the plate, the picture appearing almost as if the graver had produced it. And it is scarcely less wonderful that the thin film of gelatine will bear twenty or thirty of these pressures, transferring its picture to twenty or thirty plates, before being worn out.

Lastly comes the printing. If the lead plate were inked in the ordinary way with inking-rollers, and passed through an ordinary printing-press, the print obtained would consist simply of masses of black and white, without any gradations or half-tints whatever; this would result naturally from the peculiar mode in which the plate is prepared. An ink or color, however, is got ready, consisting of water and gelatine mixed with some kind of pigment or paint. This ink, instead of being lightly applied by means of a roller, is poured as a liquid all over the plate; a sheet of paper is placed upon it; a light pressure is applied, sufficient to squeeze out all the superfluous ink; and the paper is allowed thus to remain until the gelatine in the ink has "set," or slightly solidified. The print, when removed, is dipped in a fixing-bath, which renders the ink permanent.

Another curiosity in recent photographic art is an accident, not a design—a peculiarity in the camera-lens, not a purposed mode of producing negatives and positives. A photographer, taking a photograph with a particular lens, detected in it not only the usual portrait of the sitter, but at some little distance a copy, phantom, ghost, or double of it—producing what was certainly a startling effect, and one not likely to be very pleasant to the sitter, especially if of a superstitious turn of mind. Fortunately, science came in, and left no room for the creations of marvel-mongers. Upon investigation, it was shown that these phantoms (if we may so call them) present two different varieties, and spring from two different causes. (1.) A photographic image is sometimes so deeply impressed in the glass of the negative by the action of light, that the subsequent cleaning of the glass plate, even with strong acids, will not completely remove the picture. When such a plate is used for receiving another picture, the original image faintly makes its reappearance. In this case the phantom is not the "double" or "fetch" of the sitter in the second picture; it is a very faint photograph of one person on the same plate which contains a fully developed photograph of some other person; and the juxtaposition may, perchance or designedly, produce very startling Pepper-like ghost effects. (2.) When a lens has inequalities in its substance, due to an imperfect process of annealing, or when it is subjected to unequal pressure in different parts, it acquires the property called double refraction, two images of the same object being produced by it at the same instant. This explains the production of the double or fetch phantom. An English photographer found out this matter accidentally. When he took a *carte de visite* portrait with a particular lens, there could be seen not only the portrait of the sitter in the usual way, but at some little distance another and a fainter image—a second portrait of the same person.

In both these cases science set the matter right by showing that, in the first instance, the negative glass retained a faint image of a former picture; and that, in the second instance, the lens glass was subject to the influence of double refraction. Thus two ghosts have been "laid," and rational explanations given of seeming mysteries. It was not always so. The reader will probably recollect a little incident some half a dozen years ago, in which a photographic curiosity, instead of being honestly explained on scientific data, was made instrumental to a trading dodge. An announcement appeared in one of our journals to the effect that a photographer took his own portrait, no one else being present in the room; that, besides his own form, there appeared on the picture the image of a young girl twelve or thirteen years old; and that this image was the portrait of a cousin of his, who had been dead several years. The young lady appeared to be sitting in the same chair as the photographer himself, as a sort of "dissolving view." The outline of the upper part of her body was well defined, though dim and shadowy; the chair was distinctly seen through the body and arms, as also was the table, upon which one arm rested; below the waist (which was apparently attired in a dress with low neck and short sleeves), the image faded away in a dim mist, which simply clouded the lower part of the picture. Now it has been clearly ascertained that all this would really occur under certain conditions. If the glass negative had been already used for a portrait of the young lady, and if it had been insufficiently cleaned before the second application in the camera, precisely such a double picture might result—the fully developed portrait of the photographer being superposed, as it were, on a faint portrait of the young girl. All this is curious and instructive; but it led at the time to a traffic in "spirit photographs."

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